LADY MABEL'S BEAUTY

M. LUSHINGTON MILNE

To Mr. & Mrs Taylor
With Kind regards
from the Author

Xmas 1913

BEAUTY

Lady Mabel's Beauty

By

M. Lushington Milne

WITH FRONTISPIECE

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CHAPTER I

My mistress, Lady Mabel, has fastened a pen to my paw, and placed me beside her, to write the story of my life. She assures me it will not only be interesting, but a warning to other dogs not to stray, when alone, far from home.

My first recollection was of a very beautiful large park, surrounded by high trees, in the midst of which was our abode, generally called "The Kennel," consisting of two small wooden houses, fitted up with several raised beds, composed of wood planks about three feet from the ground, all well covered with straw.

Sometimes, for a change, we crawled under the beds, but at the sound of the keeper's approaching footsteps, we very quickly leaped up, else we felt the weight of his hand rather heavy on us when he entered and discovered where we were; it was not considered good for dogs to sleep on stone floors.

There were three of us puppies, all the same

age. Our mother, who came from Russia, was a most beautiful pomeranian, and who had won six prizes, so our master Lord Dale was very proud of her, and brought ever so many of his visitors out to the Kennel to see us. He had promised to present the most beautiful puppy to his great friend Lady Mabel Ulverton (Lord Ulverton's daughter) and she particularly requested that the puppy chosen would resemble our beautiful mother.

At first, there appeared to be very little difference, but in a few months, I was considered to have grown most like her, and so eventually I was chosen.

Now I was informed my education must begin in earnest, and Lord Dale gave his head keeper endless instructions as to how I was to be trained and treated. Every day I was to be groomed well, and then taken for a long walk. During the walk I must undergo a course of training, and be taught to understand the meaning of "To heel" also "Down to charge." The keeper was promised five guineas at the end of six months if he carefully attended to his lordship's directions, and was able to deliver me up, a thoroughly well-trained dog.

His lordship was very kind to me himself, and often took me for a short walk; several

times he told me I was a fortunate little dog, for I was going to be the companion of a beautiful and accomplished young lady. His only fear was that before very long I should be completely spoiled.

At first the keeper was very patient with me, and we had several nice walks, but bye-and-bye he got so cross that if I snuffed, or even looked at another dog, he used the whip rather severely. So I began to dread those daily walks, and really felt rather happy when it rained and we could not go, as the keeper had been warned not to let me catch cold.

I used to envy the other dogs who were taken out by the under keeper; he allowed then to do much as they liked, and rarely even carried a whip. Sometimes I began to think it was not such a good thing after all to be considered beautiful.

CHAPTER II

One day, when out for our daily walk, I ran up a small rabbit, and had a splendid chase after it ; for once I paid no attention to the repeated calls of the keeper, but very soon I could tell from his voice that he was very angry, so I ran and hid behind some bushes. After a little time I slipped home another way in order to avoid a whipping. I fortunately reached home before the keeper, and went straight to the furthest corner of the kennel, so that he would not easily see me.

It was hours before he appeared, and he confided to the coachman he was positively afraid to return without me, as he knew his lordship would be furious if I were lost.

" Is Lord Dale so very anxious about this dog ? " enquired the coachman.

" Well, it is a secret ; but if you promise not to mention it to anyone, I will tell you ; the dog is to be given as a birthday present to Lady Mabel Ulverton who is his lordship's fiancé."

" I understand now ! " said the coachman.

"So our master is engaged to be married; that explains many things I did not quite understand before. You had better take more care of the dog now, keeper; he is certainly a handsome animal."

When the keeper discovered me in the kennel, he was so relieved at my return that I got no beating. He only muttered to himself:

"You little wretch! you have led me a pretty dance to-day—hunting up and down everywhere for you, and you hiding here all the time! you had better not attempt such a thing again, or you will get as sound a thrashing as you have ever had."

After this I was kept very much "To heel" —which means I had to walk directly behind the keeper, and never at all in front.

I enjoyed my walks less than ever now, and was always glad when I got back to the kennel.

One morning Lord Dale announced to the keeper that my future mistress was coming to see me, so he must have me properly washed, groomed, and in readiness. Next morning the laundry maid arrived armed with a huge tub, soap and powder, brushes and combs.

I thought this looked rather like a serious washing, so I hid behind an old box, and when

Sarah, the laundry maid, approached me, I growled as loud as I could, and even showed my teeth. So the keeper was sent for, and he dragged me very unceremoniously out, lifted me up, and popped me in the tub at once. Such a scrubbing I got; much more than usual. They used to avoid soaping my eyes, but to-day not a corner of my face was missed, though I howled and whined every time the soap nipped my poor eyes. The worst, however, was yet to come. My tail was ragged and dragged in such a manner with the horrid sharp comb, that handfuls of my beautiful hair all came out, and lay scattered about. Then I was carried in a blanket and placed in front of the laundry fire to get thoroughly dried. I was next tied to a chair beside the fire, to prevent me from moving about at all. I did not at all approve of this, especially as the fire was very hot, so immediately Sarah left me alone, I tried every method I could think of to get further away, but to no purpose I was fastened too securely. Shortly after I discovered it was intended that I should remain in the laundry all night. I felt very sad indeed, as this was the first night I had ever been separate from my mother. We had always slept together in one corner, and the others in the off corner.

I expected to be permitted to return to the kennel in the morning, but they said I should soil my hair if I went out, and I must keep myself fresh and trim for the visitor who was expected.

Certainly my breakfast was rather better than usual; such nice milk I got with my porridge, and, to my great delight, one or two scraps of meat also. I did not quite understand all this, and I began rather to fear what would happen to me next, especially as I was alone now, without my mother. When any of the others interfered with me, I always ran to her for protection when in the kennel, and she often snapped at them when they tried to steal my small pieces of dog biscuit. But here there was no one to defend me, and when I heard Sarah approaching the laundry, I took a fit of shivering from fear.

"Whatever is wrong with the dog?" said Sarah on entering with a long piece of ribbon in her hand. "Now, little dog, did you think this was a whip I was bringing for you? No! it is a lovely blue ribbon to be fastened round your neck; there now, how smart you look! The ribbon suits the colour of your hair to perfection, and we are just ready in time, for I hear the master calling for you, so run along."

"Oh, what a darling!" said Lady Mabel, when she first saw me. "Such a beauty! Do come on my knee," and she lifted me up, holding me very carefully all the time.

"What a sweet ribbon you have got on, puppy; it suits your colour so well! Please, Victor, tell me his name?"

"Oh, well, he has not got one yet; to tell the truth I was waiting for you to chose his name, Mabel, what would you like to call him?"

Lady Mabel thought for a moment and then exclaimed:

"He is a perfect beauty, and 'Beauty' shall be his name!"

"Very good!" said his lordship. "Suppose we christen him now, so that he may learn his name," and lifting me up in his arms, he patted me on the head, and said:

"I christen you Beauty, and hope you will turn out a faithful, kind, and obedient dog to your future mistress."

"How proud I shall be of him," said Lady Mabel, "I shall long for my birthday to come, as I know that is the day I am to be presented with him. Farewell, Beauty!" she said. "I'm rather late, so must hurry." and she lifted me down gently from her knee.

I felt much astonished at her very gentle

handling of me ; so different from the keeper's rough hands, generally swinging me round by the back of my neck ; indeed, he rarely lifted me up and down in any other fashion.

The laundry maid then came to carry me down to the kennel, and take off my ribbon.

How delighted my mother was to see me again! When I had not returned at night, she had given me up as lost altogether, so I got a very kind reception.

CHAPTER III

NEXT morning Lord Dale came down to the kennel to interview the keeper. He told him he must look sharp and get me trained properly as I was to be sent shortly to Rosslyn Castle.

"See that you teach him to retrieve, Stermont; that kind of dog can be easily taught retrieving with a little pains. But don't get impatient when teaching him, or he will take a dislike to it, and won't ever learn properly afterwards."

"Yes, my lord, I am trying to teach him, but he is very young yet to understand much."

"You can never begin too early to teach a dog; the reason dogs are so often stupid and difficult to teach is because no one has taken the trouble to teach them when young," said Lord Dale.

"Yes, my lord," Stermont answered respectfully.

"Always remember, if you have dogs to teach, begin early, when they are quite young, and they will learn almost anything; did you see in the papers I sent to the stables last

week that a very young police dog, who was being trained by a policeman, rushed after a burglar who had an open knife in his hand, and was escaping from the policeman ? The brave dog seized the burglar by the leg, pulled him to the ground and held him fast till the policeman came and handcuffed him. In the same paper there was a description of the Italian war dogs for service in Tripoli. They act as beaters ; in other words, they drive out the Turks and Arabs who are hiding in the thickets. It is very interesting. By the way, the pup has been christened Beauty."

" Very good, my lord, I will try and teach him his name."

Next morning when we started on our usual walk, Stermont said :

" Now, my young gentleman, you had better look sharp, as your real education commences now ; if I don't make something of you, his lordship will be furious, and blame me ; so here goes ! "

And he threw a ball ever so far away.

" Now, you young rascal, run quickly after that, bring it here and lay it down at my feet."

I did it as well as I could, but unfortunately stuck my teeth in it.

" Now, Master Beauty," said Stermont, " you must learn to mouth things properly ;

dogs must never fasten their teeth in anything they carry, only touch it with their lips."

My next lesson was sitting on my hind legs begging for a biscuit; then the biscuit was placed on my nose, and I had to throw it up and catch it in my mouth. I found that was very difficult, and Stermont got quite impatient, and slapped my back rather severely. I did not at all relish this, so I commenced to growl, and at last lay down quite flat on the ground, refusing to move, and by one or two sharp growls I tried to let Stermont understand I was really very tired of all this.

"And so you are tired already of your exertions, young gentleman?" said Stermont, laughing, "well you will just have to tire of them and begin again, for his lordship is determined to have you well educated, as he calls it. If you are not, I shall get the entire blame. As he says, you belong to a very clever, superior family and your mother was very well bred; so you see, you must attend, and pick up quickly what you have got to do."

CHAPTER IV

NEXT day when we went for our usual constitutional walk, as Stermont called it, I discovered that I was to have some of those horrid exercises on our return. I saw the ball and a small piece of biscuit placed in readiness at the foot of a tree, so I resolved to escape and run back to the kennel to avoid them.

Very soon a squirrel ran past, and feeling that this was a capital opportunity, I dashed after it, paying no attention to the call which sounded again and again. I had a splendid run, and then crept beneath a bush. Stermont passed, but never saw me, and when I felt it was quite safe, I took a short cut home, hoping to evade the keeper as I managed to do last time. But alas! he had returned at once and was watching for me in a fearful rage, whip in hand.

"You bad dog, shan't I punish you well for troubling me like this! Come here! I'll give you a thrashing you won't forget very soon."

He spoke so loud and so crossly, that I trembled all over, and in my terror tried to get under the kennel bed to avoid that terrible whip, but who should appear on the scene but his lordship. He had come down to the stables to give orders about the horses, and must have heard every word that Stermont had said.

"Hullo, Stermont!" he called out. "Is that your method of training a dog? Let me tell you once for all that it is not the proper line to take, and I cannot have it done here. You will never manage to train any dog by treating it in that fashion; much less a dog of Beauty's temperament. Treatment of that kind will only sour his temper, and he will learn nothing. Kindness, gentleness and firmness is the only way, and unless you use gentleness I must look out for someone else; it is imperative that this dog should be well trained, and quickly trained, as he has to change his quarters by a certain time."

"I beg pardon, my lord, but he ran away, and pretended he did not hear the call."

"I don't in the least wonder he ran away, he probably knew what sort of treatment to expect when he returned; this must not occur again, or it will be the last time."

My delight was great when I saw the dreaded

whip laid aside, and Stermont's voice perfectly changed, and all his crossness vanished. I felt sure my master had done this. He had saved me from a terrible whipping.

After this Stermont treated me much better, and I really tried hard to learn, and I saw my master was anxious also that I should understand what was said to me. He often took me for a walk himself and gave me ever so many lessons, always rewarding me when I did well with a nice sugar biscuit.

One day he brought a whole box of biscuits to the kennel, and told Stermont always to reward me with one when I did well. Stermont sometimes forgot that, but rarely forgot to eat one himself, and give me instead a piece of dog biscuit which I did not at all appreciate.

The next few weeks were terrible weeks for me. I shall never forget them. I was brushed and brushed every morning to make my hair glossy, and I was also combed and combed until I thought they would leave me no hair at all. Stermont said he would be dismissed altogether if he did not groom me every day so as to get my hair in order, that I might be made quite fit to be presented to Lady Mabel.

Stermont always told me I was a lucky

dog to be thought so much of, but to tell the truth I did not feel so sure about that, for I felt the other dogs had a much easier time than I had. They had neither brushing nor combing, nor any tedious exercises; they were not always even washed with soap—that horrid thing that nips your eyes—but instead, were popped occasionally into the pond.

Stermont tells me that their education has not begun yet, so they may have to suffer in the same way as I am doing bye-and-bye.

CHAPTER V

Some time after this the laundry maid appeared again one morning armed with soap, brushes, combs, etc. I immediately pictured to myself what I was to undergo, so I rushed as far as I could to the back of the kennel, and growled loudly, showing my teeth. I shook at the very thought of this washing; it had the appearance of being a most serious affair, so many implements had been brought, even scissors. I made up my mind on no account to come out, but alas! Stermont was summoned and he very quickly picked me up and popped me in the tub. Such a scrubbing I did get, and my poor eyes suffered very badly. I was then rolled in a blanket, and as usual carried to the laundry fire where I was ordered to remain, and not move, but they forgot to tie me to a chair this time, and the moment the laundrymaid left I scrambled out of the blanket and went to the further corner of the laundry, as far from the fire as I could get.

Her horror on returning was more than

I can describe, and she called me dreadful names. She then lifted me up, gave me a good hard shake, and took me down to the tub again, and plunged me into it once more.

"I thought you washed the dog," said the under keeper, whom we met near the kennel.

"Of course I washed him, and made him beautiful, but the wretched monkey got out as he was not fastened to a chair, and went and rolled himself on his back till he was blacker than ever. That would never do, after getting such directions from his lordship about the animal; one would think he was a lump of gold instead of a dog! But, to be sure, he is to be given to the young lady he is engaged to marry, and she is very keen on the dog."

This time I was fastened to a chair so that I could not move in the least. I thought it most disagreeable, and did not at all like it, especially when I discovered it was intended that I should remain there all night. How I did wish for daylight! At last it came, but with it, alas! more brushing and combing. I felt it was more than any dog could bear, so I howled and whined as loud as I could, but all the good it did was to earn me a good

slap on my back with a terrific shake, saying :

"Hold your tongue, you little beast, and don't make such a noise or they will think I am killing you."

Fancy calling such a beautiful dog as I am, a little beast! I felt very indignant, and quite insulted.

The laundry maid next produced a pair of scissors and commenced to cut off my beautiful curls—tangles she called them.

"I must cut them off," she said, "for I have no time to pull them all out, and as you are to be sent for sooner than we expected it must be done."

I stood much quieter after I heard this announcement, for I felt there was a prospect of this terrible grooming coming to an end.

Immediately after this Lord Dale rang to find out if I were ready, a ribbon was hastily fastened round my neck, and I was carried out to the carriage, where I found my master waiting for me.

"By jove!" he said, "you do cut a dash Beauty; that shade of ribbon just suits your colour, and they are Lady Mabel's favourite colours also."

On reaching Rosslyn Castle my master lifted me up, and carried me upstairs to the drawing room, and presented me in great

state to my future mistress, who immediately took me in her arms, exclaiming :

" Really, Beauty, you look sweeter than ever ! "

Everyone crowded round my mistress to see me.

" Wherever did you find such a gem as that, Lord Dale ? " asked the Marquis of Shandon. " He is not an ordinary looking pup ; he has got such an intelligent face. I would give anything for a dog like that ; I wish you could get one for me."

" He looks too pretty to be real ! " said one of the ladies present. " He looks almost like those French china dogs that are exhibited in the exhibition."

" Ah ! but he has more sense in him than a china dog," said my master. " Give me a biscuit and I will show you that he has already acquired a little wisdom. Come here, Beauty, see what I have got," holding up a small piece of biscuit.

I immediately went forward, and stood on my hind legs before him, begging.

Instead of throwing the biscuit up, he placed it on my nose, saying :

" Catch, now, Beauty ! "

I immediately threw it up and caught it in my mouth.

"Well done, Beauty!" exclaimed Lady Mabel.

Next my master threw his handkerchief to the other corner of the room. I immediately went for it, and returning, laid it at his feet. A piece of biscuit was then laid on a stool beside me with this warning :

"It is not paid for, Beauty."

I sat beside it, and looked steadily at it, but never moved until my master said :

"Now it is paid for!" and I snapped it up at once.

"How did you manage to teach Beauty all that?" said Lady Mabel.

"Ah, well," answered his lordship, "I am one of those who believe in the early training of dogs ; they then understand very soon what you want them to do. Now, Beauty," he said, "you must be a brave soldier."

I at once sat up erect and saluted, which I did by touching my forehead with my paw.

"Now," continued my master, "sad to say, you must die for your country."

I at once lay down perfectly still, as if I were dead for a few minutes, till my master said :

"The war is now over!" when I immediately rose, shook myself, wagged my tail, and offered my master a paw.

"See, Mabel, we are now congratulating each other that the war is over."

"Really, the dog is a perfect actor!" exclaimed the Duke of Castleton. "What would you sell him for?"

"He belongs to me now, your Grace," said Lady Mabel, "and I would not part with him on any account," then turning to Lord Dale, she said:

"I really cannot thank you sufficiently for giving him to me; he is indeed a dear; now, Beauty," addressing me, "come and be introduced to the housekeeper; she will give you your dinner, and then you shall come back."

The housekeeper placed a napkin on the floor in a corner of the room, on which she placed a plate of delightful chicken and tongue. I had never tasted such a dainty dinner before and it very quickly disappeared. She then produced a biscuit, which I begged for, and received it on my nose. In a second I had thrown it up and caught it in my mouth.

"Well, you really are a clever dog!" she said.

When I returned to the drawing room in the evening, each of the guests came in turn to pet me, and seemed so pleased when I kissed their hands.

My master, on leaving said :

" Well, Beauty, certainly your lines have fallen in pleasant places ; my only fear is, that you will be quite spoiled here."

CHAPTER VI

When the visitors were all gone, Lady Mabel carried me up to her own bedroom, and told me that I was to be allowed to remain in her room for a few nights, till I felt at home, and got quite accustomed to the house.

She placed a lovely basket in a corner of the room, with such a soft cushion in it, and said :

"Now, Beauty, you must sleep quietly there, and be a good little dog till morning."

I nestled down very gently, thinking I had never slept in such a nice soft bed, and it was delightful to know my mistress was so near me. Certainly I now realised that I had made a decided change for the better.

Next morning my mistress rang for the maid to take me down stairs ; I was following her, and proceeding very gently, when all of a sudden, whom should I encounter on the stairs, but a huge black cat. She drew herself up to a tremendous size, then commenced to spit and attempted to scratch me with her sharp claws.

I got such a shock, that I gave a slight howl,

which brought my mistress to the door of her room, as she had already guessed what the row was about.

"Put the cat out," she called downstairs. "I forgot all about her."

In the meantime the cat was preparing to spring at me again, so I growled furiously, which made her spit at me instead, then the maid picked her up, and ran quickly downstairs with her.

I did not know before that there was such a thing as a cat in the house, so this disagreeable interview damped my spirits very much. I always had a contempt for those animals, but this one seemed particularly vulgar, judging from the horrid manner in which she turned and spat at me. I felt I must avoid her as much as possible and at once find out where her sleeping quarters were, as it would be most awkward to come across her during the night.

I have discovered her name is "Tiger" as she is naturally savage, and she is kept for no other object than to kill the mice.

When my mistress came downstairs, she called me at once, saying :

"My poor little Beauty, and so you were suddenly attacked by Tiger! He is such a bad-tempered cat he might tear your eyes

out, so I shall give orders to have him kept in the stable in future, but if you come across him, run away as fast as you can, for he has frightful claws ! "

I was much relieved to hear that my enemy was to be kept outside in the future, so I sat down quietly beside my mistress all the morning.

After lunch, however, the carriage was ordered, as Lady Mabel wished to make a call, and she took me along with her.

I was beginning to enjoy driving very much, and felt very proud sitting beside my mistress in her beautiful carriage, and every one who passed looked admiringly at us both.

" See ! " said my mistress, " how all the people smile with pleasure when they look at you ! Such a dear, sweet little dog you are ! We are going to call on the Duchess of Sandbury, who loves dogs, so you must be on your best behaviour."

I got such a kind reception upon entering the drawing room with my mistress.

" Oh, what a dear of a dog ! " exclaimed the Duchess, " a perfect beauty ! what do you call him, Lady Mabel ? "

" Well, that is exactly his name ; we have christened him Beauty."

"Do lift him up on my knee," said the Duchess, "I am quite in love with him already. I do wish you would leave him with me; I am looking out for a dog of this kind."

"Your Grace told me that," said Lady Mabel, "therefore I thought I should like you to see the one I had given me on my birthday; would you like to see him acting some of his little tricks?"

"Very much, my dear; do let me see him."

I felt rather nervous at first, but it soon wore off, and I had to repeat my performances again and again.

"I have quite enjoyed it," said the Duchess. "It has been as good as a play; it was very kind of you to think of bringing him. I am going to have a luncheon party and really you must promise to come, Lady Mabel, and bring this dog. I have so many friends who love dogs, and it would be such a treat to us all; is there a chance of his refusing to perform his tricks?"

"Oh, no! I have always found him most obedient; I think he rather likes to do them now; don't you Beauty?"

"He is kissing your hand to show his pleasure, and wagging his beautiful tail; I would willingly give a hundred pounds for him."

"I got him from my fiancé, so I could not sell him, nor would I part with him for five hundred pounds ; see, he knows we are going, and is offering you his paw to say good-bye."

In the evening there was a large dinner party and to my great delight, my old master was one of the guests. I gave him a great reception, leaping up and dancing quite round him.

"Ah!" he said, "I see, Beauty, you don't forget old friends although you have got so many new ones ; that is another good trait in his character, Mabel."

I felt very happy indeed to see my old master again. He had always been so kind to me, and I recollected that several times he had saved me from a thrashing, so I felt very grateful to him. As a special treat I was allowed to remain in the dining room during dinner. I sat quietly at my mistress's feet, and once or twice she slipped into my mouth one or two small bits of chicken. They tasted so nice that I felt inclined to beg for more, but feared it would look very greedy, when I was not told to do so, so I lay quietly down again under the table.

Everyone remarked that I was such a well behaved dog, and wondered where I had learned such manners.

Immediately afterwards I was carried off

to the housekeeper's room, and was well rewarded by a sumptuous repast, which I enjoyed immensely, and all the more because I felt I had behaved properly. Not a scrap did I leave, and then I stretched myself in front of the fire, thinking all the while I had certainly landed in a very good place, and was, as my old master said, a very lucky dog.

When the housekeeper returned, she lifted my empty plate, saying :

" There is no doubt the animal has enjoyed his dinner, for he has actually polished the plate till it is quite glossy ; I must sprinkle some crumbs on it or else the kitchen maid will think it is a clean one."

I felt rather insulted at this remark, and resolved not to take the trouble to polish the plate again. I certainly intended it for politeness, but it had not been recognised as such by the housekeeper, so I see dogs make mistakes sometimes, though meaning well.

CHAPTER VII

After dinner my mistress came for me, and carried me back to the drawing room in her arms. Presently an old gentleman, one of the guests came up to her saying :

" Well, Mabel, you will simply ruin that dog ; you will quite spoil him altogether carrying him about in that fashion."

" But you see, uncle, I was afraid he might encounter the cat, she leaped in by the window and is hiding somewhere in the house."

" The cat and he will soon be quite friendly if you leave them to themselves ; depend on it, Mabel, they have already met this morning. Do try not to spoil the dog, for he is a very valuable animal, and ought to be with a trainer instead of being petted up here."

Strange to say, a short time after that, the cat appeared from behind a curtain, and made at once for me, enlarging herself as usual to a prodigious size.

She tried to spring at me with her paws stretched out, and growled and spat very rudely.

I growled and showed my teeth, and then barked furiously.

My old master came to the rescue. He very quickly took in the state of affairs, and seized the cat by the neck, pitching her outside the door. This unexpected attack really made me very nervous. I positively felt afraid to go near the door, and thought quite the safest place was beside my mistress

When it was time to retire for the night. Lady Mabel called me to go with her.

"Mabel," said the cross old gentleman, "you don't take that dog to your room? He should be kept downstairs."

"Well, uncle, by-and-by we shall move his sleeping basket into the corridor, but till the cat understands she is not to interfere with him, we cannot trust him there; she has such a savage nature, she might tear his eyes out," said my mistress.

Next morning the housekeeper, Mrs. Martin, was told to get me ready to go with my mistress for a drive. So I was taken to the dressing room and the combing and brushing took quite a long time. Then a lovely fresh ribbon was fastened round my neck, as the one I had worn the day before had got slightly soiled on my plate while I was eating my dinner, and also rather crushed from my rolling on my back.

Mrs. Martin then carried me very carefully

out to the carriage and placed me next to where Lady Mabel was to sit.

I was on my best behaviour, and very happy, till the old gentleman who spoke to me so crossly appeared, and then I at once stood up and barked at him.

"Whatever is that dog doing inside the carriage, Mabel? Is it intended that he should come with us? If so, the proper place for him is up beside the footman; here Guthrie," he said addressing the footman, "put that growling beast outside."

I went on growling to show my displeasure, but Guthrie quickly lifted me out, fastening the chain belonging to the top rail to my collar. My mistress looked at me so sadly, and shook her head.

We drove through several streets before we reached the Exhibition, and then I was lifted down. My mistress kept hold of my chain, and made me trot behind her.

The old gentleman, whom they addressed as General French, went to the military section to inspect some valuable old guns and swords.

My mistress went to the china section to get a cream jug in place of one that Tiger had broken in her anxiety to finish the cream. Every child we passed ran after us, so we

had quite a large retinue and I constantly heard :

" Oh ! do come and see this lovely dog ! "

" That is not a real dog ; he is a china dog," said another, " he has wheels under his paws."

My mistress laughed heartily, and calling me to her, made me bark to let them see that there was life in me, and that I was a real, living dog, instead of a china one. Then she lifted up a china dog that was on a stand and placed it beside me on the ground.

" Fancy comparing me to that ! " said I to myself. " Such an ugly animal ! "

" It is a little like you, Beauty, only much larger," said my mistress. I sniffed all round it, and did not feel at all pleased to hear that an imitation dog resembled me ! I felt much relieved when the china dog was lifted back to his own stand.

The cream jug was at last decided on, and it was as near the pattern as any that could be got, but what really pleased me very much, was to hear that the cat was a dreadful thief, and often broke dishes when stealing.

On our return to the carriage I was again lifted up to the top, much to my disgust. Fancy a beautiful dog like me beside the footman, after being so much admired the last time I was out sitting beside my mistress !

I made up my mind it was entirely the cross old gentleman's fault, as it was when he came into the carriage that I was ordered out, so I resolved not to be at all polite to him in future. I was greatly relieved to hear he was leaving the Castle the next day. Lady Mabel told me so, and then asked why I had growled and barked at him and at no one else. I see my mistress does not yet understand how intelligent dogs are, and how quickly they understand the character of any one they are with, and how they at once know who likes them and who does not. I knew how good my dear mistress was the very first moment I saw her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE following week we were all invited to lunch at Drummond Tower, and I was included in the invitation. My mistress was particularly requested to bring me, as all the visitors were dog lovers, and they were all most anxious to see me.

When we arrived, three big dogs were waiting at the front door, along with several members of the family. I felt very much alarmed, as they were such huge animals, but their master knocked his stick on the ground saying :

"Now, dogs, politeness! Down to charge!"

They immediately lay down until told to rise up and behave properly. They merely snuffed me round, at which one of the gentlemen remarked to Lady Mabel :

"They are determined to make sure that Beauty is a real dog, and not a china one!"

I was permitted to sit at my mistress's feet during lunch, but the other dogs were put outside. However, when the other

visitors went out to see a new mare that had been bought, we managed to have a little friendly conversation. Black Boy, the oldest and largest dog, I liked best. He introduced me to their kennel, and also to a large plate of bones. I had not seen a bone for such a long time that the temptation was too great. I quickly seized one and fled to a corner with it, but was very quickly followed by Sky and Bruce, who quite resented their bones being interfered with. They growled so loudly that the coachman soon appeared on the scene to see what was the matter, and he at once made a rush at me to seize the bone saying :

" What a state her ladyship would be in if you got choked with a bone here ; you must never do that again, Beauty."

I felt quite in disgrace, so slunk away, keeping my tail and ears well down to show that I was not at all pleased with this treatment. My mistress says those dogs are never permitted to remain in the house, and I don't wonder ; they seem such huge, rough, animals.

I was very soon called into the house by my mistress to perform my tricks to the visitors. I got great applause, and after each trick was rewarded by a lump of sugar. I had developed such a great partiality for sugar that my mistress now carried a small

ivory box in her bag, sufficiently large to contain two lumps of suggr. I got great praise for all my tricks, or acting, as they now call it, so that my mistress felt very pleased, and said she was quite proud of her dog.

My kind mistress never neglected to take me out for a walk every day, and she always had a ball in her pocket so that I might not forget my old exercises. She could throw the ball even further than Stermont. If I went quickly and brought the ball back without mouthing it, I was rewarded by a lovely lump of sugar, but if by any chance I forgot and fastened my teeth in it, she shook her head and gave me no sugar. but she never beat me as Stermont did.

"To heel" was another thing that she made a point of my not forgetting. I only twice forgot, and ran in front of her. She gave me a gentle scolding, but nothing else.

Dying for my country I considered my easiest exercise, and I always got a lump of sugar for that; indeed, all my lessons with my mistress I quite enjoyed, it was all very different from the keeper's style of teaching.

One afternoon, after returning from our usual drive, Lady Mabel found a letter awaiting her that upset her very much, and she

rushed directly to her own room. After dinner she took me up in her arms, and talked to me very kindly, with tears in her eyes.

I felt terribly grieved to see her vexed, and kissed her hands again and again to make her smile, and not look so sad.

"My poor Beauty," she said at length, "I am so sorry, but I must leave you for several weeks. I wish ever so much that I could take my little companion with me, but it is quite impossible. You must be a very good little dog while I am away. Mrs. Martin is to look after you, and she has promised to take you for walks."

I felt this was indeed sad news, and I got into a very melancholy frame of mind, especially when I saw the boxes appearing that were to go with her. I had noticed that the housekeeper took two boxes with her when she went away to the seaside for a few days, and his lordship (Lady Mabel's father) took several when he went away for shooting, so I pondered and wondered if it would not be possible to get into one of the boxes and be taken away with my mistress. I thought and thought about it all day till suddenly the lady's maid said :

"Dear me, Beauty, you seem to be in a brown study ; you have never taken your eyes

off the inside of this box I am packing. I can assure you there is no sugar in it."

At last I was left alone in the room with an almost empty box. The rest were all packed and sent down to the hall, so I leaped into this one, and crept into a corner, under a large rug, hoping I would not be discovered.

"Where has Beauty gone to?" asked my mistress when she came in.

"Well, your ladyship, he was here a very short time ago, watching the packing of a box, and he looked very sad, just as if he understood that you were leaving him for a time."

"It is very strange where he can have disappeared to," said Lady Mabel.

The whole house was searched up and down, but alas! no Beauty could be found anywhere.

I heard all the commotion, and my name being called up and down the house, but I never made the least movement, and thought I had managed it beautifully, when, all of a sudden, the lady's maid arrived with more rugs for the box in which I had concealed myself, and she could not understand how it had filled up so quickly. There did not seem to be enough room so she dragged the box to the window to get more light, and to

pack it better, pulling out the rug that covered me. So my hiding place was discovered, and she went into fits of laughter, rushing out of the room to bring my mistress on the scene, who laughed more heartily still, and kneeling down beside me, she stroked me and patted me on the back, saying :

" Well, Beauty, I knew you were a clever dog, and often seemed to understand what we were doing, but you have completely surpassed yourself to-day in cleverness. What a pity I cannot let you remain ; but you must come out, my dear little dog." She lifted me up, and carried me to the morning room, where I was given several lumps of sugar as a reward. I was then taken up to Mrs. Martin's room, to be delivered up to her keeping till my mistress returned. She received many instructions about me : I was to have a walk every day, and my exercises gone over in case I forgot them, and I was to sleep in a small room off hers in my usual basket. She must also look after my meals, and see that I had plenty of water.

" Oh, yes, my lady," said Mrs. Martin, " I will take great care of the dog, and proud I will be to do so ; he is such a beauty, everyone admires him. Last week a friend from

America came to see me, and when about a mile from the house, thought she must have mistaken the road, so she asked one of the village boys to tell her the way to the house. 'Is that the leddy that has a rale braw dog?' he asked. 'The dog drives in the carriage with her; I can tell you the road to the dog's house, for I often go to the park round the house just to see him through the hedge!'"

"I am glad you like him, Mrs. Martin, it will make me less anxious about him. You will see, please, that he is washed regularly, and does not get bones. I once had a valuable dog choked with a chicken bone."

"You need not be the least bit uneasy about Beauty, my lady. I will take such care of him," replied the housekeeper reassuringly.

CHAPTER IX

AFTER the departure of my mistress, the housekeeper took me to her room and spoke to me a good deal, giving me a low chair with a soft cushion near the window. I was so delighted when I found I could distinguish the road, for I could then watch for the return of my dear mistress. How I should miss her! Already I felt very lonely, so was glad when Mrs. Martin proposed that we should go for a walk.

"It will brighten you up, poor dog!" she said. "Such a long face you have! I do declare you have been crying—really, you are a very affectionate dog."

I was very glad when she chose the wood instead of the road. There is much more to amuse a dog in a wood than in a road. I had several delightful runs after rabbits, but I never got sufficiently near to catch one, though I always hoped I would. I chased a squirrel also, with no more success.

The housekeeper said I had behaved very well on the whole, so I was rewarded with a small sugar biscuit. As I had lost my mistress, Mrs. Martin permitted me to prowl a

little through the house, a privilege of which I took a good deal of advantage. The maids were all very kind to me, and often had a small piece of biscuit laid aside for me. The under-housemaid was always very kind, and I generally made a point of paying her a visit. One day I found her tidying up the smoking-room, where several matches had been dropped on the hearth, so I quickly picked up two of them, and ran to the housekeeper's room. I remembered that I once got a piece of sugar for giving up a small piece of stick I had found, so I thought the match might do instead, as I was longing for a lump of sugar. It is so much nicer than biscuit, but people fancy it is injurious to the teeth, which is, I am sure, all nonsense.

"What on earth has the dog got hold of?" said Mrs. Martin when she entered the room. "It looks like a match; where can he have found it? Beauty, give me that match?" trying to catch it out of my mouth, but I held it more firmly than ever, and gave one or two slight growls.

"Oh, dear! whatever shall I do?" said Mrs. Martin. "They say he has got a very narrow throat, and he is sure to be choked, and what will her ladyship say, after telling me to be so careful? Jessie! Jessie!" she called

to the young housemaid, " bring me a piece of biscuit, something that Beauty likes, for he has got a match in his mouth, and won't give it up."

Jessie ran for the biscuit, but I had no intention of giving up the precious match merely for a biscuit. They held it under my nose, and begged me to take it in exchange, but I would not look at it, and growled louder than ever, especially when they tried to pull the match out of my mouth. I let them see that I had a mind of my own, and I pretended to snap at them, showing my teeth a little.

" Dear me ! " exclaimed Mrs. Martin. " The dog has suddenly got cross ; I hope he won't bite ! Whatever shall I do ? Matches are so bad for dogs—Lady Mabel told me so. Really, the charge of this precious dog is no joke. What can I do to make him give it up ? "

" Sugar, Mrs. Martin, try sugar ! I will go and fetch some," said Jessie.

She returned with three pieces, and held one out to me, and I did not require any more coaxing. I at once seized the sugar, and dropped the match which Jessie very quickly picked up and threw in the fire. I felt very pleased that I had at last been able to make Mrs. Martin understand what I had wanted all the time. I am beginning to think that

some people are rather stupid at understanding what dogs want.

I expected to have got the other two pieces of sugar which Jessie had brought, but to my dismay they were placed on the mantleshelf for a future occasion. My great ambition now was to get possession of them. They seemed to be such lovely lumps that my mouth watered as I looked at them. I wondered if I could possibly reach the mantlepiece, but it seemed too high, and also too near the fire. I once got a cinder on my back, so I have been rather afraid of the fire ever since.

All at once it flashed across my mind that the best plan would be to go and search for another match, so I immediately went off as if I were taking my usual constitutional walk, which consisted of prowling about the rooms. Mrs. Martin had been told by my mistress that she encouraged me to do this on wet days for exercise.

The smoking-room was my destination, as I remembered seeing a match half way under the fender. I commenced scraping up the rug a little, and had almost managed to reach it, when Guthrie, the footman, appeared.

"What are you up to, Master Beauty?" he said, on entering. "Come along with me." With that he seized me by the collar in a very

unceremonious manner, and dragged me out, shutting the door firmly behind him. I felt he was very rude indeed, and could not see what business he had to interfere with me. I saw, however, that there was no chance of getting in again that night, but I did not forget when Guthrie passed me next time, to snarl and growl at him.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Martin, "he never used to be in the least cross ; what can ail the dog ? It must be the absence of his mistress ; he has not even taken his food properly since she left ; indeed, for two days I had to feed him with a spoon, as he refused everything I offered him, but he at last condescended to sip a little strong soup out of a spoon on my knee. I do hope he won't get ill while she is away—I should never be forgiven. He is always looking out of the window, as if watching for her return. Sugar seems to be the only thing that tempts him to eat, and that is so bad for his teeth. Poor Beauty," she said, patting me, "I am very sorry for you, but you must try and be contented until your mistress returns."

CHAPTER X

In a few days not a match was to be found anywhere. I searched and searched, but found none. At last I discovered one or two small pieces of stick among the cinders, and carried one of them at once to Mrs. Martin, but, to my disappointment, no sugar was offered for it. Mrs. Martin said stick was not poisonous like matches, so I said to myself: "I see matches are the only things they will pay sugar for, and sugar I must have, for I love it more than anything else.

That afternoon a gentleman came to spend a few days with my master, while Lady Mabel was away. He brought a small bull dog with him, such a cross animal and so greedy! He ate everything off my plate the moment he arrived. I often leave a small portion over, so that I can have a little pick now and again later on, but I resolved that as long as he was there, I would finish everything on my plate as soon as it was put down.

He also insisted on sitting on Mrs. Martin's

knee, which I thought was a great liberty for a complete stranger to take. He was terribly jealous of me, and evidently thought I had no right even to eat a small piece of biscuit. When my mouth was just near it he would snatch it up and run away, indeed, he left his own biscuit to snap mine. I really do not think he was a dog I ought to have associated with; he had such bad manners. "Snap" was his name, and certainly it was very suitable, for he snapped everything—he even snatched a biscuit out of my mouth once. I am sure my mistress would never have permitted him to come if she had been at home.

I resolved not to beg for biscuit while he was here. He would eat it all up himself. But in the meantime I collected all the stray matches I came across—to use when he had gone, and I hid them behind a curtain, so that they wouldn't be swept away, or discovered.

Snap went away at last.

"Now," I said to myself, "I can go to my little store." So I picked out the largest match, and proudly brought it in my mouth to show Mrs. Martin what I had got, and try to make her understand what I expected for it.

"Oh, you naughty dog!" she exclaimed, when she saw me. "Wherever did you find that, after I have given such strict orders that

not a match is to be left about. Jessie! Sugar! sugar!" she shouted. But no Jessie appeared.

"Beauty, do give me that match."

But a slight growl was all the answer I gave.

"Oh, dear! I must just go for it myself; evidently you don't mean to give it up without a lump of sugar."

To my great joy she brought two pieces, and actually gave them both to me, saying at the same time:

"Well, really, Beauty, you evidently are cunning as well as clever!"

I felt rather indignant at being called cunning.

A few mornings after this, to my horror, one of the maids appeared with my bath, brush and comb.

"Dear me!" I said to myself. "This is too much even for a dog to bear; surely I am not to undergo washing every day; it seems only yesterday since I was washed."

I commenced to growl and show my teeth, so the housekeeper appeared on the scene.

"Beauty is so angry Mrs. Martin, I'm afraid he won't let me wash him; he knows quite well it is not his usual day."

"I know, but his photograph is to be taken

to-morrow ; her ladyship arranged it all herself, and particularly requested he should be well groomed the day before, to be in readiness

"Beauty, where are you ?" called the maid, but I had gone.

"But where is he ?" said Mrs. Martin in surprise. "How quickly he understood what was going to happen."

"Oh, yes ! I often say he cannot be an ordinary dog at all, he is so very knowing."

"Beauty ! Beauty ! where are you ?" they both cried.

But they could not find me either upstairs or downstairs.

"He always seems to find the most extraordinary hiding places ; we must give up the idea of washing him to-day, Catherine, and I must wire to the photographer not to come until the end of the week."

I was very glad to hear Catherine moving off but felt it safer to remain in hiding still for a little.

But the moment I heard the housekeeper go to her tea, hunger caused me to make my appearance in time, before it was sent away, so I crept quietly into the room, and placed my paws on Mrs. Martin's knee, looking up into her face as if to ask for forgiveness.

"So you have arrived, you naughty dog ?

You expect to be forgiven and to get your tea, but you really do not deserve any after your behaviour ; I wish I had noticed where you came from. It is all very well kissing my hand now, but I am not at all pleased with you ; however, I will forgive you this time, and give you some tea, if you won't be naughty again."

I felt very happy when I saw her fetching my small saucer. Lady Mabel often gave me a little tea in the afternoon, and I had got to like it very much. The housekeeper poured a little tea in the bottom of my saucer, and then cream and sugar, and a sweet biscuit on the top. They say porridge is the proper food for dogs, but I prefer tea and sweet biscuits. Porridge may suit dogs such as Snap, but it never agreed with me ; I always felt so sleepy after it. Dog biscuits I find rather hard ; they say they are good for the teeth, but I think they rather injured mine, I had such toothache one day after eating one.

Next morning I was terrified to find myself chained to the couch. There was a mystery about that I did not like, and I pondered much about it, but when Catherine appeared I understood. I immediately began to growl, when all of a sudden a horrid muzzle was placed round my mouth. I had never experienced

such an indignity before. I felt for once as if I was completely mastered, and could do nothing but submit, which was not easy, considering the dreadful grooming I got afterwards. I had to remain all night fastened up in the laundry which was anything but agreeable.

CHAPTER XI

I FELT very sure that if only my mistress had been at home, they would never have ventured to treat me in this fashion. A horrid chain was still left round my neck. What could it mean ?

I had not very long to wait before I partly understood it, for Mrs. Martin arrived, and instead of taking off my chain as I had hoped, she pulled me out on to the lawn very unceremoniously, and there was a strange individual with a funny thing on his head. Surely he had no right to be there ? I must send him off at once. So I barked and barked at him, but he would not move. On the contrary he came nearer me, which made me more vicious still, and I would not stop barking ; indeed, I would have snapped him severely if I could have got near him, but the chain would not yield an inch. He actually had the impertinence to say to me :

" Hold your tongue and be quiet, you little monkey."

" Mrs. Martin," said the stranger, " it is

quite impossible for me to take him; he would come out with two heads and two tails. He evidently thinks I have come to rob the house, he has got so excited. The only thing I can think of is to tie him firmly to the garden seat, so that he cannot move; it is so heavy, he could not drag it about."

I felt more disgusted than ever to be fastened to the garden seat, so I growled and barked still more furiously, but it seemed to have no effect in sending the man away. He still continued marching round and round me, and peering at me in every direction with the immense black cover on his head.

"Surely," I said to myself, "the awful washing and grooming I have had could not be to make me beautiful for this horrid ugly man!"

There are, I suppose, a few things a dog cannot understand.

In the afternoon Mrs. Martin made me sit down beside her, and listen to a letter she was writing to my mistress.

"Your ladyship will be glad to hear that Beauty is rather better now, but he was not at all well for some time after you left. He went quite off his food, and was constantly found sitting at the only window that looks on to the carriage drive—he was evidently

watching for your return. The only thing that tempted him to eat was sugar! I thought a tonic might do him good, so I sent for the veterinary surgeon, but he said a tonic was of no use, as it was only his mistress's absence that ailed him, and that when you returned, he would be all right.

"Your ladyship will be very amused to hear that Beauty has developed a taste for trading, and it was all his own idea. I had not been giving him very much sugar, and so he pondered how to get it. Once or twice I gave him a lump in order to get some matches out of his mouth, but where he found the matches is a mystery! One day, when looking for something in the tennis cupboard, I saw quite a little hoard of matches in the corner, covered with a morsel of paper. I catechised all the maids, but they knew nothing about them; indeed, they were more astonished than I was, as they had quite recently cleared out the cupboard, and could not understand how thirteen matches had got there. All at once it flashed across me that Beauty must be the culprit, so I decided to leave them, and wait and see what would be the result. We had not long to wait, for immediately after tea Beauty bolted out of the room, and directly returned, holding a match in his mouth.

He placed his paws on my knee and looked up into my face, as much as to say, 'See what I have got!' 'Oh, Beauty,' I said, 'give me that match.' And I tried to take it from him, but he only growled. I offered him a sweet cake in exchange for it, but he merely shook his head, and held the match firmer than ever. So I called for some sugar and put a lump beside him—he immediately dropped the match and ate the sugar! For four nights in succession he brought three matches every night, one after the other, and got a lump of sugar for each. He must have ready cash, he does not believe in credit, for once or twice, when I have discovered him chewing the match, I have said to him: 'Do give it to me now, Beauty, and you will get some sugar when Jessie brings it.' But, oh, no! Beauty would not listen to that; prompt payment is what he believes in, and until the sugar is placed beside him the match remains in his mouth. On one occasion he got tired of waiting for his payment, and he carried the match back to his store corner, or what I call his shop. Once or twice—to see what he would do, we left the match that had been paid for on the floor, but he left it there. He was too honourable to sell it again! We all wondered how he had managed to secure so

many matches, but at last the housemaid recollected spilling a box of matches in the smoking room, and was called away before she had time to gather them up. When she returned she could not understand why there were only a few left, but it seems that Beauty had been the culprit. His cleverness is quite wonderful ; he seems to sit and plan what he will do next. You will receive a great reception when you return home. I have got a large white sheet ready—in the rug-box in the hall—to throw over your dress to prevent it being torn to pieces with his paws, as he will be so excited he will scarcely know what he is doing when he sees you.

I remain, your ladyship's obedient servant,

MARION MARTIN."

CHAPTER XII

The housekeeper was so kind, and never neglected to take me for my daily walk, but, unfortunately, she caught cold one day and was confined to bed, so Churchill, the Rosslyn Castle keeper, was ordered to take me for an airing. I was much disgusted, as I heard he was rather cross with dogs, indeed, I saw him beating a dog one day when we were out for our walk.

For five or six days we got on fairly well, and several times he let me take a little run instead of always remaining at heel. I always thought that very tiresome and did not think it could do me much good, but, to my cost, I soon discovered that it was much safer than running off and getting out of sight. I had not yet learned the danger of that. So one day, seeing a pretty little rabbit running swiftly along, I could not resist the temptation of chasing it through the wood, leaving Churchill, who was talking to someone, a long way off. I was running in full chase through the wood, when suddenly something caught my foot, and I howled piteously.

Immediately a horrid looking man appeared,

he released my foot, holding me firmly all the time, and then quickly popped me into a dirty bag beside two dead rabbits.

"How terrible!" I said to myself, "this must be the rabbit snarer that everyone has been talking about."

I howled and wept, but it was no use. The man slung the bag across his back, and ran away as fast as he could, while I bumped up and down in the bag.

I wished I had not left Churchill so far behind, and I trembled with fear for what was going to happen to me now, resolving to use my teeth when I got out of the horrid bag.

At last the man stopped, and pitched the bag on the ground, knocking my head in a fearful manner. Then I heard a woman's shrill voice say:

"Well, Pat, how many rabbits hae ye got?"

"Well, there wus only twa in the snare, but I has got a dug."

"Is't liven?"

"Aye, deed it is; mair than livin; it's clean mad. I'm feared it ull bite when it gets out. Do you no hear it girning?"

"Sich a noise, I could not think what it were. I'll no come near by, till ye tie his mouth up."

"That wanna be easy, Sara ?"

I was then dragged out by the collar and fastened to a thick rope. I growled and barked furiously, and several times tried to bite the man, but he kept well out of the way.

"We maun get out of this to-night, Sara ; they'll search and search for the braw dug ; the keeper took terrible care of him. I've seen him out wi the dug mony a time, but I keepit well out o' the road. If they found him wi us, we'd be put in the jile."

"Och, pity me !" she said, "that would be fricthful !' What need we run away in such a hurry, Pat ?"

"A hurry is better than the jile ony day, and he is such a braw, bonny dug, he'll bring a good price at the market, so hurry up."

Some small, dirty children then came to have a look at me. I tried hard to get near enough to bite them, but they ran away as fast as they could, terrified at my growls. When they came peeping on the other side, to see me again, I made a terrific dash at one of them, and nearly pulled her skirt off. It seemed only rags before, but it was certainly worse before I had finished with it ! The big man they called Pat was very angry at this, and dragged me to a shed, and fastened me to the door.

I howled and barked all the time, so Pat soon appeared with a whip to thrash me.

"Hold your tongue, you wretch of a cur! You'll have all the police down on us before we can get away. Timothy, tak a hould o' this whip and run the bastie up and down to quieten him a bit."

Tim gave me a fearful pull, and I gave him a sharp bite on his heel, causing him to yell at the top of his voice. Out came Pat again in a terrible fury, with a huge pail of water which he pitched right over me. I rushed at his legs next, but he gave me such a kick with his iron bound boot that I was sent sprawling ever so far, and an awful pain came into my head with the knock I got.

I immediately began howling piteously at the top of my voice, hoping Churchill might hear and come to my rescue.

I should have been thankful to see him then.

"Pat, get the strong clothes basket we use for stealing chickens, and some strong string," roared Sara, "this 'ere dug is in sich a rage he will hae us a biten."

Like lightning I was lifted up by the neck, put in the basket, and the lid fastened firmly down.

"He will hev to bide there till we sell him," said Pat.

I felt relieved to hear that I was going to be sold. Anything was better than this.

I guessed that I was in the hands of the thieves who stole our fowls. My mistress was so angry about them, especially their cruelty in cutting off the chickens' heads and pitching them on the ground. I pondered on the subject, and wondered if my head was likely to be treated in the same manner. The bodies of the chickens had been carried off in the bag, the gardener had said; probably the same bag that carried me off. How horrible!

My mistress often said that if I had been there the wretches would not have managed to steal the chickens, as I would have given the alarm, and now, alas! they had stolen me. Whatever should I do? I felt quite broken-hearted and helpless.

I tried to tear a hole in the basket, but it seemed impossible. We drove along all night as fast as we could, and in the morning halted in the corner of a park, where Pat said he had stopped before.

When he peeped into my basket he suddenly got very angry.

"This wretched cur has ruffled his hair so

much, he won't bring half what I expected," he said to Sara, and he put his hand in and tried to smooth my hair with an old brush, but I made so many attempts to snap at his hands that he gave it up.

CHAPTER XIII

SARA advised Pat to take me to the market in a basket, in case we came across a "bobby" who might question him.

Pat asked several people who were loitering about the market if they would buy a "braw dug," but they said it was not likely they'd spend their money on a yelping beast like that. They tried to see me through the chinks of the basket, but I sprang at every little opening with my mouth which made them draw back quick enough.

Tim came also to assist in carrying the basket.

"It is getting late, Tim," said Pat, "I must try and get rid of the beastie somehow, and get some money to take back to Sara or she will be in such a fury we winna get our supper. Do ye mind she did that afore when we went home without a rabbit? Look after the basket, till I get back; I am thinking the showman might buy him, so I am going round there, though I am feared he winna gie

me such a good price as the gentry might, but the 'bobbies' are sure to be looking out for him at the market, and it's no very safe to keep him."

Pat soon returned and told Tim that the showman wanted to see the dog.

"I couldna tell him what kind of a dug it was, only that he was a real braw dug."

When we reached the show ground Pat lifted me out, and I was so thankful to get out of the cramped position I had been in, owing to the smallness of the basket, that I neither howled nor barked.

"There is a braw dug for you!" said Pat.

"He is no bad," said the showman. "What do you want for him?"

"Twenty pounds is the price o' him," said Pat.

"Twenty pounds indeed! I would not give you five pounds for him."

"Well, he is worth more than twenty pounds." said Pat. "Any of the gentry would give me that for him."

"You had best take him then to where you can get it for certain; I canna give that."

"I will make him then five pounds to you, showman."

"Very likely; but I won't give that either. I never pay more than a pound for any kind of dog; I will give ye that for him, but not a penny more."

"His very tail is worth more than that!" said Pat, indignantly.

"Maybe it is, but it is all that I can give."

"Here he is then; it is nothing like the value of him, but my mistress would storm at me if I took him back to her, so you can have him for a pound."

I was handed over to the showman, much to my delight. Anything was better than belonging to Pat, and living in that dirty caravan with nothing to eat.

The showman presently lifted me up, pulled the string off my mouth, and carried me to his caravan. It was ever so much nicer than Pat's, and a great deal cleaner. He then brought me a bowl of cold porridge and milk, a thing I would not have looked at before, but I had not tasted food for such a long time that I was glad to get anything. My throat was so dry and painful with crying and barking so much that the moist porridge soothed it very much. I ate every bit of it, and then seeing the showman cutting off a huge piece of cheese, I stood on my hind legs

and begged for some, much to the showman's delight.

"Splendid!" he shouted. "You are not such a stupid goose after all; quite a game little fellow! I will make something of you yet. Here, you deserve something for that." He broke off a huge piece of cheese and placed it on my nose, saying:

"I wonder if you know how to throw it up and catch it?"

"That is rale wonderful!" said the showman, when I pitched it up and quickly caught and ate it, for love of cheese was always one of my failings.

"My word, but you are a clever dog! I shall soon have you acting in the show."

"Hullo, dad! What have you got here?" asked a boy who had just arrived.

"It's a rale braw dug, Bob, and he kens already how to catch and beg; see, there he is!"

"Eh, dad, but he's rale bonny; how did ye get a hand o' sich a braw dug?"

"I bocht him from the rabbit man; at least he looked rale like the rabbit snarer that was in the jail the last time we were here."

"Did ye pay muckle for him, dad?"

"They wanted twenty pounds, but I

wadna gie more than one, and I got him for that."

"Ye could easy get five pounds for him, dad."

"Aye, so I could; but I'm no gain to sell him. I aye wanted another dug that would learn tricks and act in the show. Awbody is sae taken up wi clever dugs. I'm thinken, when I get him trained, he will bring a lot of folks to the show."

"Where is my parritch, dad?"

"Deed, the dug got it, and ate it up jest as if he were starven. I'm thinken the rabbit catcher had stolen him, and given him naithen to eat. He said he was feared to gang hame to his wife without some money for the dug, so he was glad to secure the pound in case he would nae get mair, and so I got him for that. And he was cheap enough, for, as well as being bonny, he has a rale clever head. He soon discovered he wanted a bit of cheese, and began to beg. When I put the cheese on his nose, he threw it in the air, caught it, and finished it at once."

The showman, on the whole, was not unkind to me like Pat, but I wept for hours, thinking of my past happy life, and wondering if I would ever see my mistress again. I did so love my mistress, she was so gentle and kind

to me. I was sure the housekeeper would be wondering what had happened to me.

They would never think I had been stolen and put into a dirty rabbit bag with two dead rabbits beside me.

CHAPTER XIV

THE showman began my training the following week. He said he was rather astonished to find teaching me so easy ; I seemed to understand so quickly what he wanted me to do, and really I tried hard to learn, and do my best, for I was afraid of getting into Pat's hands again.

The show caravan was a fearful change from my old life, but it was much superior to Pat's caravan and his fearful whip. I still felt the effect of his hard lashes on my back.

My first lesson was to carry a basket round my neck and to beg for pennies. When a penny was put in the basket, I had to make a bow, and touch my forehead with my paw. Then the showman said in a loud voice so that the crowd could hear :

" Now, Prince, let us see what you would do if you saw the king."

Then I had to salute. The crowd always cheered me when I did that.

Prince was the name I had to answer to then, but I did not like it as much as Beauty.

"Moses," I discovered, was the showman's name. I ought to have called him master, but I never could lower myself to do that; so I addressed him as Moses, and tried to think he was not really my master.

At first, the most difficult thing I had to do was leaping through a round hoop covered with paper, and held rather high. I easily bolted through the paper as it was thin, but leaping so very high I found rather difficult at first, but I soon managed it. I always knew when I did very well by the cheering of the crowd, and I always got a good dinner of boiled rabbit and potatoes at night after it was all over.

One day I heard Moses tell Jean Crow, his wife, that she must act as Old Mother Hubbard, and learn the piece before the Linden Races came on. He was going there next, and he wanted to have my picture taken, and advertise me in the bills to bring a crowd.

The showman's last dog was called "Punch.' There were several photographs of him in the caravan. I considered him a very plain looking dog. Jean Crow said he was not so clever as I was, though the people were very pleased when he read the papers with spectacles on—and then smoke a pipe. He'd also begged for biscuits, and caught them

on his nose, but the most amusing thing was his speech or address. It had always three heads, and a conclusion like a sermon.

First head one bark, second head two barks, third head three barks. Then lastly came the peroration consisting of a perpetual growl for about two minutes, which sent everyone into fits of laughter. Punch's last performance was dying for his country.

Moses said he was an "awful difficult dug to teach, as he had been neglected to be teached when a wee dug." He also said his mother came from Scotland, but my mother came from Russia which was much further away.

Moses began to fit up a suitable room for the "Mother Hubbard" kitchen, containing a cupboard. The kitchen was so made that it could be taken up and down in a few minutes.

Jean Crow dressed herself as Old Mother Hubbard, and I had to beg on my hind legs in front of the cupboard for ever so long. Then Jean had to open the door, shake her head, and look sadly into the cupboard, saying :

"Not a single bone here, the cupboard is perfectly bare. Poor little dog there is nothing for you, not even a single bone!"

On hearing that I had to fall down as if

quite dead, and remain perfectly still for some time, till Old Mother Hubbard left the kitchen to procure a coffin to bury me in. Then I had to begin to leap, and dance, and had to continue doing so until she returned with the coffin. She was so astonished when I received her, leaping, and wagging my tail as hard as I could.

"Dear me!" she said, on entering, "The dog has come back to life very quickly; come, we'll have a dance together." And seizing my paws, we danced round and round the room until the crowd nearly cheered itself hoarse, and my basket got almost too heavy to carry with so many pennies.

In the next scene Old Mother Hubbard went off with her basket to get some tripe, and before she returned I was sitting on my hind legs with a pipe in my mouth, looking quite happy. When the screen was drawn back, and I was seen sitting smoking quietly, the excitement was intense.

Jean Crow next went off to the hatters to buy me a hat, and when she returned I was busily engaged with a spoon trying to feed a stuffed cat. Moses informed the crowd that the dog's spoon was too large for the cat's mouth, and that sent the crowd into fits of laughter.

"He is no dog at all," said one woman, "he is just a wee boy wi dog's fur on, he is far too clever for a dog."

"I will soon let you see he is a dug," said Moses. "Here Prince, bark and bite the cat."

I immediately growled like thunder, and barked and snarled at the cat so furiously, that all the children ran out as fast as they could, fearing I would make a rush at them next.

Between each performance a barrel organ played lively tunes, and a girl sang two or three songs, but neither of them were applauded as much as I was.

The next performance that was printed on the bill was going to the barber's to buy me a wig. When the old mother returned with the huge wig, I was to be found flying round dancing an Irish jig. When she came in she put the wig on my head. It had a little gum to fasten it on firmly while I was dancing, and then she seized my paws and made me dance up and down such a long time to a jig tune which was played on the barrel organ. As usual, the cheering and clapping of hands almost drowned the music altogether. I always got a very heavy basket of pennies when I did the jig dance. I kept the wig

on while I was collecting the pennies, and had to make a bow and touch my wig. At first I found it rather difficult to do all this, but eventually managed it to Moses' satisfaction.

The crowd always seemed very pleased with my performances, indeed so pleased that it grew bigger every day, to Moses' delight. He several times remarked that the "braw dug" was as good as a gold mine to him.

In the next act, Old Mother Hubbard went to the cobbler's to get me a new pair of shoes. When she returned I had always to be found reading the news. A sheet of printed paper was always left beside me for this purpose and I had to hold it in front of me and pretend to be reading. Someone was always near to place a pair of spectacles on my nose. Such horrid things! I could not see through them at all, but I dared not try and shake them off till the music began again, which showed the scene was finished.

The next performance began by Old Mother Hubbard saying that she must go to the draper's to get me some linen, and that I must be very industrious while she was away, so when she returned, I had to be found sitting in front of a spinning wheel, turning it with my paw. This always produced tremendous applause, and a heavy basketful of coppers.

Sometimes I had to do it three times before the crowd was satisfied. When Mother Hubbard said "Again, Prince," I knew it must be repeated.

I was always very pleased when it came to the last act, when Mother Hubbard made me an elegant curtsey, and I made a bow. She said: "Your servant, Sir." And then I answered, "Bow-wow," which I continued doing in short, sharp, barks for a little time. There was always some special music played to suit the "Bow-wow." The best part of the entertainment, to my idea, came after the crowd had dispersed, and all was over. It was supper, which consisted on the acting nights of boiled rabbit and potatoes. On other nights I only got a piece of dog biscuit, which I did not much care for.

CHAPTER XV

We acted for a fortnight, and then had to move to another town where there was a fair. When we were travelling I was generally tied on the top of the caravan where I could be seen, and a picture of me sitting spinning was always pasted on the door of the caravan. When travelling along I was always looking about the country to see if I could catch a glimpse of my old home. If I had only known the direction it was in, I would very quickly have run away to it on the first chance I got. Several nights it seemed I had dreamed about it, and wept and howled in my sleep, waking Moses, who quickly got up and gave me a good thrashing.

So many people think a dog should have no feelings, but be just like machines and do what they are told. Moses was not always unkind to me, but he said he could not bear being disturbed at night.

Our caravan was being cleaned and the next performance was got in order on a larger scale than usual. Moses said his gold mine had paid him well, and he could afford more.

New handbills were got, and some large ones to paste outside, on which I was represented feeding the cat with a spoon.

"That will bring a big crowd," said Moses, "so mony folk are terribly taken up wi dugs."

Crowds of children followed the caravan, some calling out:

"Is that a dug, or a wee laddie dressed as a dug?"

"Come to the show and you'll see," answered Moses.

"Will I get in for a penny?" screamed another. "Will the dug be aye acting? I wouldna care for the rest of it, but would like to see the dug."

When we reached the market I thought it looked even worse than the place we had left —it was so rough and untidy. There were such savage dogs walking about, too. One sniffed me out and immediately began growling, endeavouring at the same time to leap into the caravan.

"Get out wi' you, you rascal," shouted Moses, catching hold of a huge stick, which he sent down on his head, and it had the effect of sending the dog howling and yelling down the street in double quick time.

"If ye meddle with my braw dug, I'll nearly kill ye," said Moses.

I must say he takes great care of me since I have brought so many customers to the shows. I sometimes wonder whether I am smarter than other dogs, or if I have been better educated. Lady Mabel used to say that education was everything, but besides that I was a great inventor, and usually found some means or other to get what I wanted.

The show was to be opened that night, and the public admitted by paying threepence at the door. Over the door was written in huge letters "NO ADMISSION TILL 3D. IS PAID," but in spite of that about twenty boys came round and tried to force themselves in without paying. I was ordered to bark at them, which I did in great style, and at once caught a boy by the leg, which sent him off in a hurry. All of a sudden a bag of pease meal and pepper was shot over me, which went into my eyes and quite blinded me, and I got frantic with the pain and could see nothing.

Moses had gone to feed the animals, intending to return in good time for the show. He was perfectly horrified when he returned to find such an uproar, the boys screaming and crying that the dog had bitten them. Moses got frantic with rage when he saw the floor covered with pease meal and pepper. Old

Mother Hubbard's kitchen had also been upset by the impudent boys. He pushed them all out as fast as he could, saying that there would be no performance as advertised. He put out the lights and locked the door, saying if they did not clear away quickly he would send for the police. He then bathed my poor eyes with a little milk which soothed the pain very much.

Jean Crow brought me a nice supper, which I quickly devoured, as I had had nothing to eat all day. After that I crept into a corner, and went into a sound sleep. Suddenly I was roused by someone splitting up the caravan door. I at once got up and was beginning to bark, when I was seized, rolled in a large sheet, and something was stuffed into my mouth to prevent me making any noise. I quickly discovered my jailor was the horrid boy who had covered me with pease meal and pepper.

"Oh, dear!" I said to myself, "what is to happen to me now, while I am at the mercy of such cruel boys?"

In the meantime I could scarcely breathe with the horrid rough towel in my mouth. The boy strapped me to his back, leaving my legs dangling down, but keeping the sheet rolled several times round my head. I had

plenty of time to ponder sadly on my melancholy position.

"See what a penalty I have to pay for being beautiful," I thought to myself. "If I had been ugly like Snap no one would ever have thought of stealing me, and I would still have been in my happy home, and with my dear mistress. This is the most terrible experience I have ever had; how I wish I could get down on my feet, and get away from these frightfully tight straps."

I could not breathe without pain—it was dreadful!

CHAPTER XVI

It was getting bright, almost daylight, when we reached the hovel that my captor lived in. Such a cross-looking old dame opened the door. She asked at once what had kept the boy so long.

"A pretty story!" she said, "keeping me waiting up for you all night, as if there was nothing else to do. Tell me this minute, Abraham, what has kept you out till this late hour?" and with that she seized a huge stick which she applied to Abraham's back.

"Do you hear me speaking to you? What have you been doing? Speak at once and let me ken, or ye'll suffer for it; what hae ye gotten in the bundle? Is it a pig?"

"No, it is not a pig."

"Speak! What is it?"

"It's a dug."

"A dug!" she shrieked. "And ye had the impudence to bring a dug here? I telt ye ye were no' to come back without a pig or a few chickens, and I telt ye the farmhouse to gang for them; how could the dug keep ye out till this time o' nicht?"

"Weel, Aunt Meg, we had to bide till the showman fell asleep afore we could break into the caravan."

"The showman did ye say? So ye were at the show ye young rascal, instead of going to the farmhouse where the fine litter of pigs were. The show, indeed! Instead of doin' my bidden! Take that for your impudence!" and she dealt Abraham a heavy blow.

Then arose a terrific scuffle. I got the stick over my head several times, so I growled as well as I could with a stuffed mouth.

"Tak yer growling dug out o' this," she shrieked. "What have we to do wi' a dug? You had better drown him in the loch at once; get out o' this, for nae breakfast will ye hae to-day, so you'd better get along wi' your dug; what bisness had ye to gang to the shows? Do ye hear me? Get out o' this, and see ye do not let the dug loose here." And with that she gave Abraham such a shove that he fell right over me. I thought I was killed now altogether, so I snarled and growled as loud as I could to frighten the old witch, who began to scream "Police! police!" at the pitch of her voice, and went about knocking both of us as hard as she could. She pitched me with her foot to the other end of the kitchen, so that the sheet was dragged a little

off my head. I immediately shewed my teeth, which completely terrified the old witch, who sprang quickly into the bed, shrieking "Murder!" at the pitch of her voice. Abraham was thankful to pick me up, and run out of the house as fast as he could. He had got a dreadful knock on his head, and his eye was already much swollen; he could hardly walk as he had received so many severe blows, so we had to creep along very slowly. Presently Abraham met another boy that he knew called Jock, to whom he explained what had happened.

"What will ye do with the dug, Abraham?" said Jock.

"I dunna ken, I wish we hadna meddled with him; sich a rage Meg was in, I am feared to go back. If we could only get some siller for the dug, that micht please her; we'll keep some and gie her the rest."

"But whaur can we take him to?" asked Jock.

"I'm thinking we might try Peterston. I have got a sixpence that would take us there and back by the train, for I am no able to walk wi' my back, and there is a lot of shops in Peterston. I canna gang hame anyway until we get some siller, or Meg will kill me altogether, she is in such a fury."

I felt so miserable that I could not bear it any longer, so I began to whine and weep at the pitch of my voice.

"We canna gang to the shop wi' the dug greetin' like that, Abraham, and we'll no get him wi' us for a parcel, the porters will hear him, and make us pay for him ; where did you get the big sheet, Abraham ? "

"I stole it from Milly Brown's washing green, when waiting for the showman to fall asleep, and it dune fine, it is so big."

We had to wait for a train when we got to the station, and I began to whine just when the porter was passing.

"That is not a parcel at all," said the porter, "it is a dog ; you must either leave him or pay for him, we cannot carry dogs for nothing."

"But I hae no money till I sell the dug," said Abraham, beginning to cry himself.

"Well, will you promise to pay for him when ye come back, then ? "

"Aye, that I will," replied Abraham.

"You had better let the dog's head out of the wrapping then ; the poor beast must be smothered," said the porter.

"I canna let him loose ; he would just bite you, he is fearful angry," returned Abraham.

When we reached Peterston, I was taken

out of my wrapping, but the twine was still left round my mouth. How thankful I was to feel my feet once more on the ground, even though my mouth was still tied up and a cord was round my neck.

"Jock," said Abraham, "we must just gang into ilka shop, and spear if they want a braw dug."

The first shop we went into was a sweet shop, and the woman looked about as cross as Auntie Meg.

"What are ye for wanting?" she said, "is it rock or sweeties?"

"I've brocht a dug to sell," answered Abraham.

"Brocht a dug here? What could I do wi' a dug to bite the folks who come; people only come here to buy, not to sell, mind that!" And she slammed the door in their faces.

The next shop they tried was a grocer's.

"What did you say you had to sell?" the grocer asked. "A dog was it? I've no use for a dog; I've got three cats, and they're far better than dogs."

The next shop they went to was a butcher's.

"I have got too many dogs already," said the butcher, and refused to look at me, though Abraham offered to open up my bandages to let me be seen better.

To tell the truth, I think Abraham was rather afraid of me himself. He said to Jock :

" The dog might bite if I let his head out, for the twine is getting a little slack with him trying to get it off."

The last shop they took me to was a baker's, and the baker at once said :

" Let me see what kind of a dog he is ; will he kill rats ? "

" Aye, fine that," answered Abraham.

" Well, open up a bit of the package to let me see him. Ha ! He is really a pretty dog," he said. " I like the look of him ; how much do you want for him ? "

" One pound," said Abraham.

" That is too much, but I will give you ten shillings for him."

" Just take it, Abraham," whispered Jock, " for we duaren't take it back, and the shops are all shutting up."

So Abraham held out his hand for the money, and then tumbled me on the ground, vanishing out of the door as fast as he could in case I should bite him.

" Poor little fellow ! " said the baker, turning to me. " You seem a very nice dog, but we must get those strings off your nose and neck. I quite forgot to ask your name—I wonder what it is ? Where could those rough,

uncouth boys have got you from? They must have stolen you. Janet! Janet!" he called to his wife, "come and see this addition to our family!"

"Ma certies! What a bonnie creeter! Where did he come frae? Whose dug is he?"

"He's my own dog now; I bought him from two laddies—two terrible rough-looking rascals they were."

"He is a real lady's dog and no mistake," said Janet. "He will be company for me; I am glad we have got him."

"They wanted one pound for him, but I offered ten shillings and got him," said the baker.

"He wasna dear," said Janet, "you could easily get five pounds for him."

"Aye, far more than that, but we won't sell him. We were just wishing for a dog like that, weren't we? I forgot to ask his name; what will we call him?"

"Carlo would suit him, I think," said Janet. "I wonder if he can catch rats; I am afraid they have returned again, for I found a biscuit all nibbled round as if by them. I will make a nice supper for him of soaked bread and milk. I am sure he is hungry."

I quickly let them see I was hungry, for I demolished the large plate I got at once.

Then I sat up begging, much to the astonishment of the baker.

"Janet! Janet!" he called, "come here quick, and see what a clever dog we have got, and bring a nice biscuit with you."

I had not had such a nice biscuit since I left my old home, so I enjoyed it very much, and began to think I had not come to such a bad place, after all.

CHAPTER XVII

My new master, whose name I discovered was Turner, took me into his shop, and informed me I was to remain there all night and watch for rats.

He then gave me a rug to sleep on, and afterwards shut the door and bolted me in. I certainly felt more comfortable than I had done for a long time, but still I felt rather nervous at the prospect of those rats they talked of. At last I lay down and fell asleep, but I was suddenly roused by a scraping noise inside a drawer. I got up quickly and listened. Certainly some animal was there. Would it be one of those dreadful rats I had heard about ? I felt I must make an effort to see what it was. I went and sniffed all round the cupboard, and tried to scrape the drawer open with my paws. I managed to get it slightly opened, when suddenly a huge animal leapt out across the floor. I made a dash after it, but it disappeared in a hole near the fireplace. I scraped and scraped so as

to widen the hole to get my paw down, but found it impossible, so had to content myself with watching in readiness to catch it if it came again. In a short time a smaller animal crept along the floor. I pounced on it and killed it at once, much to my own astonishment and satisfaction, for I scarcely expected to manage it so easily.

Next morning, when my new master came into the shop and found the dead animal beside me, he patted me on the back and head, saying :

" Well done ! you're really a very clever dog. Janet ! bring a bowl of sweet milk for the dog ; he has killed a rat. He has paid the ten shillings he cost already ; I am so glad I bought him."

So, after all, it was a rat I had killed. I felt very proud of myself, and strutted about with a very important air, wagging my tail in recognition of all the praise I was getting.

" He seems to understand every word we say to him, James," said Janet. " And how beautifully he begs ; see him now, begging, the very moment I mention biscuit ; he wants one, so of course he must get it ! "

Seeing a basket one day in the shop, on the counter, I immediately seized it and held it in front of a lady who was entering the shop.

"Does the dog wish me to put a copper in the basket?" she asked Janet who was serving her.

"I do not know, madam; but he means something, he is such a clever dog. We have not had him long, and really his wisdom surprises us. He can do everything but speak, and appears to understand everything we say."

"How old is he, Mrs. Turner?"

"I do not know, madam. My husband bought him the other day from some boys."

"Here, good dog!" said the customer, "is a penny for your basket, what are you going to do with it?"

I took the penny in my mouth, and stood up in front of the counter, placing my two front paws on it.

"Do offer him something, and see what he will do with it," said the lady. Whereupon Janet held out a bun to me.

I at once put down the penny on the counter, lifted the bun into the basket, and ran quickly down to the stable, where my master was giving directions about the vans going out. I shoved the basket into his hand, and then ran back to the house, very pleased with myself.

"Where did you leave your basket?" asked

Janet when I appeared. "This lady is waiting to see what you did with it."

I wagged my tail and looked very happy to let her see that it was all right, but she did not quite understand, till a few minutes after my master came up, saying as he entered :

"Thank you, Janet, for thinking of sending me some lunch ; I had not time to come up for even a bun to-day, I was so busy."

"There is a lady in the shop at present, James, waiting to hear what the dog did with the bun ; I told her when the message-boy came in, I would send him down to the stable to find out, and she is waiting still, eating a biscuit and drinking a glass of milk till he comes."

"What the dog did with the bun, did you say ? I don't understand, Janet ; what do you mean ? Did you not send me down a large bun for my lunch by Carlo ? "

"I never sent it, but he took it away with him."

"Did he steal the bun, or how did he get hold of it ? "

"Mrs. Mason, the lady, gave him a penny in his basket ; he paid me a penny for the bun, and then ran away with it."

"That beats all ! " said the baker. "He canna be an ordinary dog ; he came down to the stable with the basket in his mouth, and

shoved it into my hand. I thought he was very clever to bring it, for he has not been many walks here, but I never imagined he had bought it of his own accord."

"You see, James, he noticed you came up every forenoon for a bun, because you sometimes give him a little bit of it, and he would know quite well it was past the time you generally come. Did he wait till you gave him a small piece?"

"Oh no! he ran off at once back to the house, leaving the basket in my hands. I didn't understand it at all, for you don't generally think of sending me anything!"

"I see now, madam, what the dog wanted," said Mr Turner, going to where the lady was sitting waiting. "Almost every forenoon when I am busy, I come up for a bun, and take it down to the packing room to eat when I can spare a moment, and Carlo always accompanies me; to-day he appeared at the door at the usual time to wait for me, 'No, Carlo!' I said. 'I cannot spare a moment to go up to-day,' I noticed he remained for about half-an-hour and then vanished."

"Well, that is extraordinary!" said Mrs. Turner. "He got hold of my small basket, held it in his mouth, and stood begging in front of Mrs. Mason; she put a penny in the

basket, and he immediately lifted it out, held it firmly in his mouth, and placed his paws on the counter, looking steadily at me. Mrs. Mason proposed that I should offer him something to see what he would do, so I held up a bun ; he dropped the penny at once on the counter, placed the bun in the basket, and ran away as fast as he could."

" If I had not seen it all for myself, I would not have believed it," said Mrs. Mason. " The expression of his eyes, and his intelligent face reminds me very much of a St. Bernard we used to have. He was a most intelligent animal, and I was devoted to him. Very few people really understand how intelligent dogs are. Mr. Turner, will you sell me that dog ? I should so love to have him ; I will give you twenty pounds for him. He is just the sort of dog I have been looking for. Do let me have him, he would be such a companion to me. I should never feel lonely with him."

" Well, ma'am I am sorry to disappoint you, but I really do not want to part with him."

" I will give you thirty pounds for him," said the lady.

" It is very kind of you, ma'am, but I really could not sell him. I am quite attached to the dog ; what do you say, Janet ? "

" I think it would almost break my heart

to part with Carlo. You see, ma'am, we have no family, and he is such a dear little dog, with such sweet, winning, ways. Mr. Turner never comes up, even from the packing room, without getting a hearty welcome from Carlo."

"Then it is no use offering you more to tempt you, I suppose?"

"I am afraid not, ma'am. We have often congratulated ourselves on getting such a clever dog,"

"He is beautiful as well," remarked Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, ma'am, he is a rare beauty, but that is nothing compared with other qualities, and this is another we have discovered to-day."

"I am beginning to understand now," said Mr. Turner, "the reason he has so often sat watching the school children coming in at lunch time with their pennies for the buns. I often say he understands everything we do. He knows Sunday quite well, and never asks to be taken for a walk, but when I return from church he goes at once for my slippers, and places them before me. I am sorry ma'am, to have to refuse your kind offer, but nothing will tempt me to part with Carlo."

CHAPTER XVIII

I WAS beginning to be quite contented in my new quarters, though, of course, it could not be compared to Rosslyn Castle, and no one would ever fill Lady Mabel's place in my estimation. Still, it was infinitely superior to anything I had experienced since I had been stolen. My new master and mistress were really very kind to me, and I had a comfortable bed and plenty of good plain food. The rats had not troubled me so much lately, either.

A few weeks after this, however, I was awakened by a sawing and scraping noise. What could it possibly be ? It was not at all like the noise of a rat. I felt I must at once get up and investigate matters. The noise quickly increased, until it got very loud. I saw it was my duty to rouse the master at once, so I went and scratched at his door to make him understand he was wanted. At last he arrived !

" What's up, Carlo ? " he said.

But before he could utter another word he was knocked down by a terrible-looking man, who had rushed in at the scullery window.

I sprang at the man and seized his leg, biting it as hard as I could, which sent him off screaming and raging, leaving my poor master on the floor.

Mrs. Turner quickly arrived on the scene, wondering why I was barking so incessantly, but she soon saw that it was to bring her to Mr. Turner's assistance. He had been completely stunned by the blow he had got from the burglar and was unable to rise.

When he recovered a little he told Mrs. Turner how I had attacked the thief, and bitten him until he roared, and ran off as fast as he could.

"Really, the instinct which dogs have to protect us is wonderful. Carlo is simply splendid, isn't he, James?" she said, kissing my head.

The policeman came next day to find out all about it, and to see the finger prints the thief had left on the window ledge. It seems the whole account of it was sent by the police to the papers, and I got a great deal of praise for wisdom and bravery.

The thief turned out to be one of a gang of notorious burglars, and the following week my master had a request from the police to sell me to them, but, of course, he refused.

In case of one of the gang attacking him

again, my master took me about with him everywhere. Once every week he drove round his shops, collecting the money. So now I sat up beside him and watched everyone till they had passed. When anyone stopped to speak to him, the first question was :

" Where did you get that lovely dog ? "

Everyone said I would certainly get very conceited with so much attention, but really I had been so accustomed all my life to hearing those remarks that they made no difference to me.

My master called me his " mascot," whatever that means. He said his business had increased very much since he bought me. Ever so many more children came for buns and cakes, on purpose to see me, and they begged their parents to give them halfpennys just to see me make a purchase. Sometimes I got a penny, and then I refused to take only one biscuit—I wanted two biscuits, or one bun. When I had been given several pennies, and was not hungry, I refused to take either biscuit or bun, and waited till I was offered a shortbread cake, then I dropped the penny on the counter, lifted the shortbread cake, and ran into the back shop to eat it. After that I licked up all the crumbs and left everything quite tidy.

Sometimes, to amuse the children, if there were many in the shop, my mistress offered me things I did not care for, such as ginger snaps, or a sponge cake.

I merely shook my head, and kept the penny firmly in my mouth till I was offered shortbread. I am devoted to shortbread, I think I love it next best to sugar. I was never able to make Mrs. Turner understand that I loved sugar. She seemed only to have soft sugar, not lump sugar.

At first I rather objected to the children patting me and smoothing my hair, but when I saw the master was rather displeased with me, I gave up growling, and wagged my tail instead.

Then one of them would say :

" See, mum, see ! The dog is quite pleased, and is letting me stroke him ! "

Then another child would want to do the same, till I was quite surrounded by children, all equally proud of being allowed to stroke me on the back. As long as they did not interfere with my beautiful tail, I was quite content. My master took great pride in my appearance. He washed me most carefully himself, and then groomed me. He often said it took him quite two hours to do it properly. My tail required so much brushing, but I never

disliked his doing it, he was so gentle—very different from the laundry maid. He did not even allow the soap to get into my eyes, and he always gave me a sweet sugar biscuit after it was over, and then a quick walk in summer ; in winter I was made to sit beside the fire.

My master, mistress and myself, were all invited to a tea party at a neighbouring house. I had been washed the night before so my coat was spotless, and a lovely blue silk ribbon had been got for my neck. I was pronounced a perfect beauty, so I felt very proud of myself, and I walked to the house with great dignity. More than the usual number of children came after us, shouting :

" Come and see the braw dug ! "

When we got into the house the children still remained outside and my master was always saying :

" See, Carlo ! They are trying to catch a glimpse of you through the window."

So our hostess at last placed a chair at the window for me to sit on.

" It is not every day we have a picture like that at our window," she said. " I am so glad that you brought the dog. I am sure the marquis himself has not a bonnier dog ! "

Then my master began to tell them of some of my accomplishments, which astonished

them all still more. We were then asked to come into the next room for tea, and such a spread of dainties there were! A chair was placed for me beside my master. I had not long been seated when I discovered my beloved loaf sugar, and I at once barked to testify my delight.

"What can the dog be wanting?" said the hostess.

"I really don't know," said Mrs. Turner. "He certainly sees something he would like, I can tell that from his bark."

I was offered scones, buns, seed cake, biscuits, shortbread, but I would have nothing to say to any of these things, but continued my little short barks, my eyes meanwhile fixed steadily on the sugar. At last the hostess lifted up a lump and held it out to me. With one dash I sprang off my chair and ran round to her, and began to beg.

"Ah! Now I know what the dog has made up his mind to have—it is sugar, and sugar he shall have!" said the hostess offering me a large lump. I bolted it down and immediately begged for more.

"That is astonishing," said my master, "sugar is the last thing I should have thought of offering him, but now that I see he likes it he won't want for it."

Next day I saw a huge package of sugar arrive, and I was told it was all for me, only I must not crush the lumps up quickly as that would injure my teeth. That night at tea I got four pieces placed on my nose, and they said I had thrown them up so beautifully I quite deserved them.

Two of the lady customers were rude enough to remark that I was becoming too stout, and advised my master to give me fewer dainties.

"Not if I know it," said Mr. Turner, "he deserves all he gets, he is so good; and he will get them, too, as long as I can give them to him." And to my mistress he said. "Some ladies are so interfering, I wish they would mind their own affairs! I don't wish my dog to be scraggy like they are!"

That remark pleased me very much. I felt very indignant at those rude ladies making disparaging remarks about me, and resolved to bark well at them next time they came into the shop.

The following week a lady called to ask my master if he would be kind enough to lend me for a day to a bazaar that was to be held in Wenlock, the next town, which promised to be a very large one. It was being got up in aid of the Children's Hospital and they were anxious to have everything as

attractive as possible because much money was required. The committee were getting up the programme and wanted my photograph on the cover with a basket in my mouth, and underneath written :

"I AM COLLECTING FOR THE HOSPITAL.
PLEASE HELP ME."

My mistress told the lady she was not sure that Mr. Turner would lend me, as he was always afraid of something happening to me.

"Indeed," she said, "we have refused several good offers from people who wanted to buy him, but if you will call in a few days I will find out if Mr. Turner will agree."

At first my master was very unwilling to lend me, but at last he agreed, provided great care was taken of me.

CHAPTER XIX

THEY sent my mistress a ticket of admission to the bazaar for three days. The first day five shillings was the charge; the second day, two-and-sixpence; and the third, one shilling. A carriage was also to be sent for us, which pleased my mistress very much. She said she felt quite grand, and it was all owing to me. We were received at the door by the vicar, who escorted us into the hall, and in passing a grey parrot in a gold cage, were greeted by the words:

"Come away in, ladies, and kiss pretty Polly; only sixpence for a kiss from Polly!"

"Fancy," I said to myself, "paying sixpence to kiss that screaming creature." When I passed behind the others, she looked down and said:

"Who are you, pray?"

I felt so indignant that I walked proudly past with my tail held as high as it would go. I was much relieved when my mistress sat down beside me at once, instead of talking to, and kissing that impudent parrot, as others

did. My mistress paid no attention to it, and remarked to a lady near that she would not kiss it for anything.

My basket was fastened round my neck, and the card that mentioned the object I was collecting for was hung underneath, but I was told I could not begin collecting until the bazaar was opened. I was very glad to hear the vicar reproving the parrot for selling kisses so soon.

In about half-an-hour there was a great commotion, and it was announced that the earl's carriage was approaching.

We were all requested to stand up when the family entered. First two gentlemen came leading the way, and then, to my surprise, the next arrival was my dear old mistress, Lady Mabel, who was to open the bazaar, and so was greeted with overwhelming cheers.

My delight at seeing her was so great that my manners and everything else were forgotten, and I rushed to her feet, jumping and barking in such an excited manner. My mistress got such a shock she did not know what she was doing.

Mrs. Turner came running up to me in a great state.

"Carlo! Carlo! Whatever do you mean?

You never behaved like this before! He has somehow got very excited, my lady, but you need not fear; he won't bite. I am so ashamed of his conduct—please forgive him, for he does not mean to be rude. He is generally so gentle, and never bites anyone."

"Oh, madam," said her ladyship, "I am not in the least afraid of his biting, for he is my own dear dog, that I lost some years ago, and we have searched everywhere for him in vain. I am so charmed to see him again, and he seems just the same!"

Everyone appeared very astonished at this beginning of the programme.

Lady Mabel petted me for a little, and then said I must sit quiet until the bazaar was opened. A gentleman then introduced Lady Mabel, and requested her to open the bazaar. She spoke for a short time, and when she sat down there was a great deal of cheering.

I remained at her feet for some time, feeling very happy to be there again. However, I began to consider it was not right for me to leave my present mistress, who had been so kind to me, so I crept back to her side feeling rather ashamed of myself, and scarcely daring to look up in her face to find out what she thought of my conduct.

Then I took my neglected basket, and went

round the room carrying it in my mouth, as I had been taught to do in the shows. When anyone put a copper in I made a bow and saluted. My polite bow seemed to send them all into fits of laughter. Lady Mabel seemed more amused than anyone, and she gave me a piece of silver as large as a penny.

Six dozen of my photographs were brought to be sold, and after I had gone round with the basket there was such a demand for them that there was not one left.

Lady Mabel begged to have one, but by that time they were all sold, much to her disappointment. She then came round to speak to my mistress.

"I came," said her ladyship, "to ask you about the dog. You saw that he recognised me at once, though I have not seem him for over a year."

"May I ask if he was your ladyship's dog?"

"Oh, yes! he was my own pet dog, and I mourned him for very long; we never managed to find out what became of him. The footman took him out for a walk one day as the housekeeper was ill, and he vanished in the woods as if he had been swallowed up. The wood was searched, but he could not be found; he was hunted for night and day, and the keeper went to every dog sale for months. I had

got so attached to the little creature that I was dreadfully vexed, and I offered £50 as a reward, but it was no use. We never heard of him again. Have you had him long ?" asked her ladyship.

"Oh, no ! my lady ; not so long ; my husband bought him from some boys, evidently tramps, and we have got so attached to him—he is such a good, sensible dog."

"I know that !" said her ladyship. "He was always so intelligent ; he seemed to understand so much, even when quite young, but what he understands now is wonderful ! Who can have taught him ? Did your husband teach him, Mrs. Turner ?"

"No, my lady. He was more than astonished one day when Carlo brought him his lunch and carried it down to him."

"Oh ! do tell me about that," pleaded her ladyship.

So my mistress had to recount the whole story to her.

"I wonder where he was before you got him ?"

"I have no idea, my lady ; I often wish I knew."

"How I would love to have him back. I wonder if your husband would be willing to sell him to me ?"

"I am afraid not, my lady, for my husband often says he would not sell him for anything."

"Please tell him," said her ladyship, "that I would willingly give a hundred pounds for him."

"I will tell him so, my lady, but I am afraid money won't buy the dog; he is really our greatest comfort."

"Good-bye, then, Beauty, I am sure you would come with me if you could," she said, in her old, kind fashion.

I made my tail speak my pleasure by wagging it as hard as I could, and I attempted to leap up and kiss her hands as I used to do.

When she turned to go away, I followed her for a short distance, but Mrs. Turner called me back, and then she put me on the lead again.

"And so Beauty is your name; well, we shall call you that instead of Carlo."

All this had rather interrupted my collecting. However, I now took the basket in my mouth again, and went to everyone begging. Scarcely anyone refused to give me something, and it was principally silver that I got. My basket was soon so full that it had to be emptied several times. Altogether I enjoyed the bazaar very much, everyone was so kind to me. The children were for ever giving me sweet

biscuits and sweets, and when my mistress was having her tea I got both cream and sugar. The only thing I objected to at the bazaar was the parrot. Every time I passed, it clapped its wings and said :

" Who are you, and why did you come here ? " in such a horrid screeching voice. I barked well at it several times, which seemed to make it very angry, and then it screamed out :

" Naughty boy ! naughty boy ! "

My mistress said I was not to bark or pay him any attention, as he was not worth minding, so eventually I merely passed him carrying my tail as erect as possible. I was very pleased to hear that he was not considered important enough to have his photograph taken. For my own part I never could see anything to admire in a parrot.

When we returned to the bakery the first thing my mistress said was :

" I am sorry, James, to say I have some bad news to give you ; our dear Carlo found his old mistress to-day."

" What a pity ! " said my master. " It will upset the dog. He has been so happy with us. Who may she be ? "

" No less a person, James, than Lady Mabel who opened the bazaar ! "

"My certie! How extraordinary! But I always said that Carlo was an aristocratic dog; he has such gentle manners, and is naturally so polite; not at all like those rough, unmannerly dogs that go about here. Did Carlo know her?"

"Oh, yes! He knew her at once, and ran and barked with delight, then he lay down beside her for a little but soon he slipped over to me, and looked up into my face, as if to apologise for leaving me. He saw I was not quite pleased at his leaving me, he is so cute. Then he tried to kiss my hand over and over again. But, oh, James! What do you think? Her ladyship wishes you to sell her the dog."

"I hope you did not promise to do that."

"Oh, no! I told her we could not think of parting with him, and I said I was sure you would not agree to do so, no matter what she offered."

"Quite right, my dear, I am glad you said that. I would not part with our dear Carlo for anything. Oh, no! Carlo," he said, turning to me, "money won't buy you!"

"But, James, Lady Mabel said she would come herself and ask you; she said she would very willingly give a hundred pounds for him!"

"She cannot force us, however, to part with

our own dog. I wish you had never gone to the bazaar, I somehow disliked your going, and yet I could not tell why, only I had a presentiment that something disagreeable would happen. Oh! Carlo, I am sure you know we are talking of you," said my master, and I put up my head to be stroked and petted.

CHAPTER XX

About a week after this a very magnificent carriage drove up to the door, and out stepped Lady Mabel herself. I at once recognised her, and greeted her as usual, leaping and dancing to show my pleasure. I cannot say my mistress looked as pleased as she usually did when customers came in. She generally smiled, but there was no smile that day.

"Can I see Mr. Turner?" asked her ladyship.

"Did you say anything to him about the dog, Mrs. Turner?"

"Yes, your ladyship, I told him all about it."

"And what did he say?"

"Just what I said he was sure to do, your ladyship, that neither of us could possibly part with the dog; he has been such a pleasure to us both. All the children, I understand, beg their parents to allow them to come to the shop where the bonnie dog is, for their bread and tea cakes; certainly I know our customers

have increased immensely, and altogether we have had such good luck since he came, and above all, we are so much attached to him."

"I can quite understand that," said her ladyship, "he has such sweet winning ways, but would the hundred pounds not partly make up for any loss of customers you might have?"

"It might make up partly for that, but not for our lonely hearts without him, I am afraid, my lady; but I will mention it again to Mr. Turner when he returns to-night, and I shall let you know the next time you call."

When my master returned in the evening, he and my mistress had a long consultation about me. My master said five hundred would not tempt him to part with me, but on considering the matter over he began to wonder if in a court of justice they could insist on keeping me.

"Now that we know he was stolen from Lady Mabel, we might be ordered to restore him to his rightful owner at once," he said. So after a while they decided to write to her ladyship and say they were willing to sell Carlo for a hundred pounds.

The day after Lady Mabel received the letter she arrived at the shop, and was ushered

into the parlour, finding me fast asleep on the couch. I went almost frantic when I saw who it was, and I made such a noise that it brought my master up from the bakery to see what it all meant. Lady Mabel at once handed him two fifty pound notes, and then he lifted me up and handed me to her ladyship, saying at the same time :

" It nearly breaks my heart to part with Carlo, but perhaps your ladyship will bring him some day to see us ? "

" Certainly, Mr. Turner. I shall arrange to send him with the footman, once every week for a basket of your cakes ; we think them exceedingly good, and please send some of those Carlo likes. I think you mentioned that when he got a penny he was most fastidious, and would only take the kinds he liked ? "

" Oh yes, my lady, he has got a mind of his own ! "

" Do let me see him purchasing a cake, Mr. Turner. There, Beauty, is a penny for you to spend ; what will you buy with it ? "

I took the penny in my mouth, and immediately stood up with my front paws on the counter.

" I am afraid he will be rather saucy to-day." said Mr. Turner. " Several ladies have given

him pennies, and after he has had several it is not everything that pleases him."

My master first offered me a plain biscuit, and I shook my head but kept the penny firmly in my mouth. I was next offered a bun with the same result. Then I was offered two sweet biscuits, then a piece of seed cake. A cheese cake came next, but I would have nothing to say to any of them. I kept the penny still in my mouth, till a cake of shortbread was produced. It only remained a second on the counter, then it disappeared like a flash of lightning, and the penny dropped in its stead on the counter.

"It is easy to see which you prefer," said her ladyship. "Really Mr. Turner, it is altogether wonderful; the dog is a born actor, and I shall prize him more than ever. But now I must be going; come along Beauty, and say good-bye."

Great was my astonishment when Lady Mabel took hold of my leading string, and led me out to the carriage. Was it possible, I said to myself, that I was going with my dear old mistress? But so it was! She lifted me up beside her as she used to do long ago.

How often I had longed to be there again,

and was I at last to have my wish, or was I merely going for a drive ?

I was still wondering when we arrived at the Castle, and then, to my surprise, my very first master opened the door, and greeted me so kindly.

" Well, Beauty, I am very glad to meet you again. Where have you been all this time, old boy ? I wish you could tell us how many names you have had ; I understand Carlo was the last. But now you have returned to Beauty again ; I am sure you like it best ? "

I wagged my tail as hard as I could, and kissed his hand in reply.

" You have no idea how clever Beauty has got," said my mistress. " He can make his own purchases, and will take nothing but what he likes."

On Lady Mabel's first "At Home" day, I had to perform several of my tricks, to the astonishment of all the visitors. Each day seemed to be happier than the last. Every day I went for a drive with her ladyship, but one day she proposed we should go for a walk instead. I was perfectly charmed at the prospect, and went trotting behind her, when to my horror, she turned into the terrible wood where I was stolen. With one leap I sprang back to the road and flew home as fast as my legs would

carry me. Nothing will ever tempt me to trust myself to that wood again. My mistress turned at once and came after me to see where I had gone, and was much relieved when she saw that I was going straight to the house. I received her at the door, and would have liked so much to tell her the reason why I had left her. That is one of the disadvantages of being a dog, he cannot enter into explanations.

Then she lifted me up in her arms and carried me to her own room ; there she carefully examined my paws, thinking I had got a thorn in one of them. Several times when I was a puppy she had extracted thorns from my paws with her needle, but not a thorn could she find now, so she was much perplexed at the reason I had scampered home so quickly and left her, for it was a very unusual thing for me to do.

One morning a box arrived addressed to "Beauty" containing a medal very prettily engraved with the words : "To Beauty, for distinguished bravery."

"What can it mean ?" said Lady Mabel. "I never knew Beauty had shown any bravery, though I know he is actually a brave, good, little dog. Oh, here is a note explaining that a burglar broke into the house one night and

knocked Mr. Turner down. Beauty turned round and bit the burglar's leg so severely that he went flying out of the house faster than he came. The man was afterwards arrested, and when brought up to the court, was still suffering from the effects of Beauty's bite."

"Well done, Beauty!" said Lady Mabel. "I had no idea you had distinguished yourself as a policeman!"

My first master called in the afternoon to see Lady Mabel, and she at once showed him my medal and gave him its history.

"That's simply splendid, Beauty; see, you have already made what is called your mark. How proud your mistress is of you!"

"I can never thank you sufficiently, Victor, for giving me such a darling little dog."

"Ah, well," he said, "I have got much more in return—your very very own self, and to-day I am not going away till you fix the date of our wedding, and please, dearest, don't let it be long. Beauty, won't you speak for me? I am sure if you only knew you would do it. You will belong to both of us then, and we have decided that you are to act as one of the trainbearers at the wedding—won't you be a proud dog?"

In a few days we arrived in great style

and state at the baker's. I had on my new possession, what my mistress called my badge of honour, so I fear I felt rather proud of myself.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said Lady Mabel on entering, "we have both come to thank you for this handsome medal; see how well Beauty looks with it, and he appears to understand all about it—he is always lifting up his head to show it off."

"Well, your ladyship," said the baker, "I felt such a brave action deserved some reward; not many dogs would have ventured to attack such a big, strong man as that burglar was. Dogs often get medals for saving lives at sea and elsewhere—so I've heard. Certainly your Beauty saved mine, and probably Mrs. Turner's as well, for the burglar turned out to be a desperate character; he had killed two people before he came to attack us. Besides, your ladyship, I felt I could afford to do so, for Beauty has all along brought me such good luck. I called him my mascot; indeed, my business has gone up lately by leaps and bounds. Beauty attracted people at first. Mothers as well as children came to see the wonderful dog. The village paper even printed an article about him! So you see, my lady, I felt I owed Beauty

much, and I wanted to make him some return."

When we left such a crowd was waiting outside the door to see us drive away!

CHAPTER XXI

NEXT evening quite a party had been invited to congratulate me on my decoration, and everyone was so anxious to hear the story of my frightening away the burglar that my mistress had to tell it over and over again.

General French formed one of the party—Lady Mabel was anxious to show him that he had got quite a wrong idea of her favourite, as she often called me; indeed I think she had never quite forgiven him for his treatment of me during his last visit.

"I hear, general, that you did not quite appreciate this dog the last time you were at Rosslyn," remarked Lord Kelly.

"I am afraid I did not, my lord—he seemed to take quite a dislike to me, and treated me in a very stand-offish manner."

"Do you recollect, Mabel, how he barked at me, and at no one else?"

"I remember perfectly, uncle. He seemed to understand at once that you did not

appreciate him, and that you objected to his society!"

"He certainly did not give me any of it, Mabel, for he rushed off whenever I looked at him—unless he remained to bark at me, which he occasionally did. I always think kindness to animals only makes them very short-tempered and cross."

"I am afraid I differ from you, general," said Lord Kelly. "They are the natural protectors of man, and they have a kind of watchfulness born in them; indeed, they would die to defend their masters if necessary: kindness draws out those higher qualities and makes them almost human at times; whereas harshness and unkindness merely stifles all their good qualities and makes them bitter and surly."

"I am very glad, Lord Kelly, to hear you say that." said Lady Mabel. "No one can have any idea of what a kind loving little heart this small dog possesses! If I am not feeling well and am confined to my room, he positively refuses to leave me, and sits anxiously watching my expression. One day I fainted—he at once rushed to the housekeeper's room, barked, and scraped at the door till she came out to see what was the matter. He caught hold of her dress and

pulled her along to my room. Wasn't it clever of him ? "

" Bravo ! I am proud to hear you plead the cause of our small policeman in this fashion ! " remarked Bishop Wordsworth, who had joined them. " I call them now the detectives' assistants, for, to my certain knowledge, they have saved two lives, and caught four burglars within the last two months ! "

" Do you think, Lady Mabel, it is possible to teach all dogs in this manner ? " asked Major Ronald.

" I do think so, major, if they have not been hardly dealt with at first, and the milk of canine kindness not been entirely thrashed out of them."

" This little one certainly seems to be a very interesting specimen— he has been sitting watching you so intently, just as if he was trying to understand what you were saying."

" I often think that he does understand. To-day, for instance, when the maid fetched my garden hat, he at once quietly disappeared and returned with my shoes, without ever being told : seeing the hat made him understand that I was going out. Indeed, I often think that his reasoning powers are great.

Some weeks ago, during the night, he barked and whined furiously for nearly an hour. It was so unlike him that my father at last got up to see what was the matter, and was horrified to find the hall full of smoke. On investigation he discovered that it came from the billiard-room. The chimney had evidently been on fire, and one of the joists had been caught and was smouldering away. In a few hours—had it not been for the dog—the whole house would have been burned down ! "

* * * * * *

The following week I was horrified to see huge boxes issuing from the box room, this to me was a very bad omen.

Could it be that my dear mistress was to leave me so soon ?

I much feared the evil day was fast approaching, and the thought of it made me so sad.

At that time I had a walking drill every night which I didn't quite understand the meaning of. I had to walk as erect as possible on my hind legs, behind my mistress, at the same time holding a portion of her dress in my mouth. She then called me her " Page Boy." It seemed I was to have a page boy's suit made for me of white satin and gold lace, and a hat to match. Two small nephews of

Lady Mabel's practised with me. They were also to be pages, and I must confess that I felt rather nervous at the prospect of all I had to do.

CHAPTER XXII

VERY soon the great day arrived. Everyone said Lady Mabel looked perfectly lovely in her magnificent bridal robes. The two page boys held the centre part of the train. I very proudly came last, holding the foot. A small piece of ribbon had been attached to the foot so that I could hold it firmly in my mouth. Six bridesmaids followed, dressed in blue and gold. On all sides I heard : " What a lovely procession ! Don't the bride and bridesmaids look sweet ! What a dear little dog. See how perfectly he carries the train ! He is a perfect picture ! "

After the ceremony was over I was made much of—patted by everyone, and they were so pleased if I kissed their hands. I got lovely little bits of icing off the cake, and I began to think that it was almost as good as sugar. In a short time the principal bridesmaid led me to the front door to see my dear mistress off. She took the precaution of placing me on the lead, and well she did so, for the moment my mistress got into the

carriage, I bounded after her to take possession of my usual seat, but was quickly pulled back.

I gave a little cry.

"Ah! My poor Beauty, you cannot come!" said her ladyship. "But I shall very soon come back," and away she went in the midst of cheering and hurrahing. Such a crowd there was to see her off! Bonfires had been kindled all round, flags, and arches with mottoes were to be seen everywhere. Next day the papers had a full report of the wedding, and it seems I was particularly mentioned and got great credit for acting my part so well.

In the afternoon the housekeeper carried me to her room, and gave me what she called a "right royal dinner" finishing up with four lumps of sugar. Each day she took me out for a walk herself. She would permit no one else to take me out. She said she had had a lesson not to trust me to anyone else. One day, however, for a change, she thought she would take me through the wood—the wood that I have such a terror of. She had only gone a few steps when I turned and fled to the house as fast as I could. I wished very much I could have warned her to fly with me, else she might suddenly find herself popped into

a dirty bag beside two dead rabbits. However, my leaving her made her turn back in time, so I felt I had done some good by my example. As Lady Mabel often said "discretion was the best part of valour."

When the housekeeper returned she was so thankful to find I was in the house.

"But what induced you to run home so quickly, Beauty? You were not lame so it could not have been a thorn."

However, to make quite sure, she lifted me up and examined my paws most carefully. It is on occassions like that a dog regrets he cannot make himself understood.

Early in the following month a telegram arrived announcing that my mistress and future master were returning sooner than was expected. The housekeeper had got orders that I was to be at Lord Dale's house ready to receive them, so a dogcart was ordered and we drove off at once.

I felt much excited at the prospect of being in my old home again, and wondered if I should find my mother and brothers there still. We arrived in time for lunch, which we ate as quickly as possible, so as to be ready to receive the bride and bridegroom when the carriage drove up to the door.

After lunch I slipped out by myself, and

made a rush down to the stables and kennels. Everything was changed, and I could see no trace of any other dogs.

When I returned to the house I found a military band playing outside, and a number of children were being collected in a corner of the grounds. Flags were flying everywhere, and huge posters with "LONG LIFE AND PROSPERITY," "WELCOME HOME," and all sorts of good wishes written on them. There was great excitement everywhere.

By-and-by the carriage drove up and then the cheering got simply deafening, and the guns began to fire twenty-five times straight off (the age of the bride).

I was ordered to stand quietly in the hall till they entered, but as soon as my mistress saw me she lifted me up in her arms, and allowed me to kiss her hands saying :

"I am so glad to see my old Beauty again ; in all my travels I have never seen a dog equal to you!"

How proud I felt when I was ordered to follow her to her own room where tea was waiting for her.

Such a delicious tea I got, finishing off with a huge piece of icing off the bridecake. She lifted one of the flowers off the cake, and fastened it in my collar. I really felt that

I was a very, very, happy dog then. I had not a care or a worry to vex me, and my own dear mistress was with me once more.

My master also was especially kind to me, and every morning after breakfast he took me for a long walk. He discovered that I had a great dislike for all woods. I think I shall never get over that nervous feeling I have. Even the wind moving the trees makes me shudder. I heard my mistress say on one occasion to Lord Dale :

"I have found out that Beauty was lost in a wood, so that is why he dislikes them so much. I have often wondered what happened to him; he disappeared so suddenly, but we have never found out how it was."

CHAPTER XXIII

One day, when going round the back premises, I saw a man coming up the back walk whom I seemed to recognise.

He was carrying a bag on his back, and was altogether a very ragged looking creature. Yet it struck me I had seen the face before, but where, I could not recollect. I hated tramps, and this man seemed to be a shocking tramp. I gave a good short bark, to show my disgust, and then beat a hasty retreat round by the garden (I felt I would be safe there, for the appearance of that bag made me tremble, it seemed so like a rabbit bag). It turned out that the tramp had gone to the kitchen door begging for a copper or a piece of bread as he was starving. When the scullery maid was supplying him with food, he asked her where the dog came from. He said it was the very image of a dog that acted the story of Old Mother Hubbard at the shows where he was employed to clear up.

The scullery maid then enquired about the

tricks, and she told the man he must be talking perfect nonsense, for no dog could do all that.

"Well," said the man, "that is just the thing that astonished people. Hundreds came to the shows just to see Prince acting."

"Are you sure it is the same dog?" asked the girl.

"Well, he looks the same dog, and he carries his tail in the same proud manner. The master showman said he was a very well-bred dog."

"What did he do?" asked the girl.

"I canna call to mind everything, but he carried a basket and went round the crowd begging for pennies. Then he did the Old Mother Hubbard story. I mind one thing; he fell down, pretending to be dead, and another time he smoked a pipe, and another time he nursed a cat."

"Not a real cat, surely? He hates all kinds of cats."

"Oh! no! It wasna real, only an imitation one. The showman went clean mad when the dug was stolen, and said he might have to give up the shows for his trade was gone. For days we were frightened to speak to him, he was in such a rage; some boys were blamed for stealing him."

All this conversation was imparted to the

housekeeper, who immediately went and informed my mistress. She was very excited and delighted with this fresh account of my doings.

"Now," she said, "I understand what he does so much better; he always insists upon begging in front of the cupboard, and then throws himself down as if dead. I thought it was meant to represent dying for his country, but instead of that, it is meant to be dying for want of bread. I remember the story, but I have not read it since I was a child. I must get a copy of the book, and then we shall understand better what he does. This explains also why he holds a piece of stick in his mouth sometimes, like a pipe; I am sure there is a pipe mentioned in the story."

The housekeeper was at once sent off to a bookseller's shop for a copy of "Old Mother Hubbard." That night our rehearsals commenced in earnest. I was given a spoon and a stuffed cat that had been purchased to see what I would do. I began at once to pretend I was feeding the cat, but I certainly do object to living ones. They are so cross, and have such horrid claws.

The household was much disturbed that week by the death of my master's father, the Duke of Landale. Lady Mabel, who was now

the Duchess of Landale, had to leave hurriedly for the duke's country seat. I was, therefore, again left to the care of the housekeeper.

Every night she got out the Old Mother Hubbard book, and did her best not to let me forget the different parts of it, always rewarding me with a lump of my favourite sugar. My mistress remained away for many months. I missed her very much, and day by day I sat watching for her at the window. With the assistance of the housekeeper, I wrote her two long letters begging her to return soon, as I felt so lonely without her.

At last, one morning a wire came, giving directions for the carriage to be sent to meet the duke and duchess who were returning home.

I was in perfect raptures at the prospect of seeing my dear mistress again, and when she alighted from the carriage, I leaped in the air, and barked and barked till I grew quite hoarse.

"What a welcome you are getting!" said the duke. "Really, I think Beauty will tear you to pieces; he does not pay me any attention!"

"Poor little dog!" said the duchess. "It is the only way he can express himself."

A few weeks after my mistress's return a

great bazaar was to take place and she was requested to open it, which she at once agreed to do. She always took an interest in any good work connected with the town. Not only did she consent to open it, but promised to assist it in any way, indeed, she had already finished several pieces of work for it. On one of her cushions she had embroidered a dog, which everyone said was an exact likeness of myself, although I cannot say I saw any resemblance. It appeared to me a larger and coarser animal than I am.

"How much do you expect your handiwork will fetch?" asked the duke, one day.

"I am very anxious that my work and paintings should fetch fifty pounds at least," answered my mistress.

"I am afraid, Mabel, it won't reach that sum unless you make up your mind to sell Beauty."

"Sell my own Beauty!" she said, "I would not part with him for three hundred pounds, or, indeed, any money; but I was thinking this morning that I might arrange a little play for him to act in a small room off the hall, and charge threepence for admission."

"A capital idea!" said the duke, "I shall have one of the small rooms in the pavilion fitted up as Old Mother Hubbard's Kitchen. There is going to be a palmist in one room,

and a fortune-teller in another, but there is a small room between which could be fitted up. I can send a cupboard from here, and all the other things required."

"That will be simply splendid!" said the duchess. "And I was thinking that my maid would make a capital Old Mother Hubbard—she is already very interested in Beauty. I found her in the housekeeper's room the other day watching all the clever things Beauty could do. I will speak to her about it at once. We could have a rehearsal to-night—the housekeeper has the book, she went over it with Beauty once or twice when I was away, I understand, and he quite knows what to do."

"He certainly is a wonderful animal," said the duke. "Yesterday I suddenly asked him if I should look in the cupboard to see if there was a bone. He at once went to the small cupboard full of china, first begged, and then lay down as if dead; it really was too funny for words!"

A few nights after this our rehearsals began in preparation for the bazaar. Weston, the lady's maid, made a capital Mother Hubbard. The duke and duchess were the audience, and they applauded me tremendously. I knew that meant they were pleased. During

the next fortnight I constantly heard whispers about proposed washings. I do not altogether understand the conversation that goes on, but when the word "washing" is introduced I am at once on the alert to keep a good look-out in case of the arrival of the laundry maid. I had resolved not to be taken unawares again. However, after all, I was taken by surprise, but in a different manner.

One of the under housemaids suddenly lifted me up, and carried me to one of the bathrooms, where I found my own small tub awaiting me, full of soapy, perfumed water, into which I was instantly plunged, ere I had time to realise what was happening. However, I quite enjoyed my bath this time. Jane was so gentle, yet she groomed me very carefully. My mistress declared my hair had never been so glossy since the first week of my arrival. I hope Jane will continue to attend to my toilet. I kissed her hand several times to show my satisfaction, which must have pleased her very much, for when my mistress came to inspect me, Jane very proudly told her that instead of growling I had kissed her hand several times, and altogether I had behaved in a most gentlemanly manner.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEXT morning the carriage came shortly after breakfast to drive us to the bazaar, as my mistress was anxious to be there early, so as to have time to give proper directions about the Hubbard Kitchen. A box was also put in the carriage containing the necessary articles for the play.

I confess I felt rather anxious at the prospect of all the things I had to do, especially when I saw the crowd. Who should I see on entering the hall but my old master the baker. He had seen the advertisement, and declared he would go fifty miles to see me acting. I went and spoke to him most politely, which evidently delighted him very much, for he rubbed his hands together in the manner he always did when very pleased.

My mistress, the duchess, opened the bazaar, and everyone said made a magnificent speech. She got quite an ovation, and was cheered again and again. One lady presented her with a lovely bouquet. Two little girls brought a small Persian kitten for her acceptance, saying it was very valuable, and they

were sure she would like it. My mistress, of course, could not refuse it, but I felt anything but pleased, and at once made up my mind not to be at all polite to the little girls. My mistress then walked round, and made numerous purchases at the stalls. After that she led me to the Mother Hubbard Kitchen, and sat down beside me to give me a little courage. The room filled very rapidly and there was not even standing room. Then, when Old Mother Hubbard came forward, I knew my time had come, so the play began. We played it just as the showman used to do.

On leaving the kitchen the crowd pressed forward to shake my paw. A little morsel of cooked tripe had been brought, so that I might have it to eat after the crowd dispersed. I always got that after the rehearsals, and I must confess I have rather a weakness for tripe ; I do not like it mixed up with potatoes, as some of the maids insist on doing. However, I always take good care to pick out the tripe and leave the potatoes for the cat.

The collecting basket was next fastened round my neck, and a small card underneath, saying : " I AM COLLECTING FOR A BED IN THE HOSPITAL. PLEASE DO NOT REFUSE A SMALL DOG'S REQUEST."

My basket was filled to overflowing in no

time, and it had to be emptied again and again. The duchess put a sovereign in for the first contribution, and several gold pieces followed. A deputation waited on my mistress before she left, to say that I had been such an attraction at the bazaar, and might I be allowed to return in the evening ?

She willingly granted the request, but said she could not return in the evening herself, but would send me down with the housekeeper and the maid who represented Old Mother Hubbard.

When we went to the carriage to return home, we found that my mistress's purchases had been brought out and put in. Even the horrid kitten had arrived before us, and was peeping out of the basket. I wondered who had had the impertinence to place it inside the carriage, and I must confess I felt greatly disappointed when my mistress lifted up the animal and petted it. I gave my usual little growl to show my displeasure, which made my mistress turn round to me laughing.

" You need not be in the least jealous, Beauty ; no one will take your place, but we must be kind to the small kitten, who has just left its mother."

That partly comforted me, still, I did not yet feel quite happy.

"Hullo! What have you got there?" said my master, as he helped us out of the carriage with all our purchases. "I verily believe it is a kitten! What does Beauty say to that? Where did it come from, Mabel?"

"I was presented with it by a little girl, and could not refuse it without offending her."

"It appears quite a nice kitten, but I think you had better send it round to the stables, Beauty won't like it," said my master.

That speech raised him ever so much in my estimation. It was quite a comfort to me to know that he considered the proper place for cats was the stable. To show my appreciation of that remark I leaped and danced all round him. I really could not bear that race of animals with their ten needles, ready to scratch, and they have such a vulgar habit of spitting! I am sure it would not be possible to get a refined cat, they are naturally so rude.

My master was so delighted to hear that I had distinguished myself at the bazaar. He praised and petted me beyond measure. I would not care to tell how many lumps of sugar I got! The duke said it was a secret between ourselves—my mistress was not told. I also got a delightful tea of chicken and sausages, as I was to be absent from dinner.

In a short time the governess car came

round to take the housekeeper, maid, and myself to the bazaar for the evening performance, and on entering the hall we got a great reception. I am not conceited enough to say which of us provoked such enthusiasm!

The housekeeper sat beside me as my mistress had done, ready to act as prompter in case I mixed the acts, but I did not require her aid at all, as I knew the whole thing perfectly, and so went straight on. The cheering this time did not make me so nervous, and I danced the jig with great vigour—I was quite tired when I reached home.

CHAPTER XXV

NEXT morning the papers contained a very flattering description of my mistress.

She had first opened the bazaar with a thrilling speech, pleading very beautifully for the requirements of the hospital, and showing how much it was required. Then she went round the stalls making elaborate purchases. Besides that she had brought with her one of the most wonderful dogs that had ever been seen in the district.

It actually performed the play of Old Mother Hubbard, and when it was applauded, turned and bowed to the audience, and at other times it saluted. Afterwards it carried a basket in its mouth to collect money for a bed in the new Hospital, and almost everyone gave something. It was announced at the close of the day that the dog alone had brought in one hundred pounds with what he had collected, and the result of his acting.

"Well done, Beauty!" said my master, after reading the account in the paper. "You have certainly become quite celebrated!"

The week after the bazaar, the duke received a letter from a theatrical company, offering one thousand pounds for the dog that acted Old Mother Hubbard so well.

"What do you say, Mabel? will you accept a thousand pounds for Beauty?"

"Oh, no! I would not part with him even for that!"

"I thought not," continued the duke, "and neither would I willingly—but I have had no end of expense lately, improving my estate and repairing the cottages; everything has been so damaged by the floods, so a thousand pounds would come in handy just at present."

"Oh, Victor! I am quite shocked at your even thinking of parting with our dear Beauty! I would much rather give you one of my pearl necklaces to dispose of, if money is urgently required."

"All right, Mabel; money is not required so urgently as all that, and I will write at once refusing the offer, though it is really a very large sum for such a small dog."

"But, think, Victor, how clever he is, as well as beautiful. I forgot to tell you I have arranged with Reynold, the famous dog painter, to come and paint Beauty; he is looking so sweet just now, I thought it would

be a good time, for when he is casting his hair, he does not look so well."

A few days after that a man was ushered into the morning room, carrying a large case. I barked at him furiously, as I did not like the look of the case, and I did not think it at all correct for an entire stranger to bring a box of that size into any of our sitting rooms. I wondered very much that my mistress allowed it, and submitted to the box being opened and everything taken out of it. Then, to my astonishment, she allowed him to remain, and told me to be quiet, at the same time lifting me up and placing me in all different positions to let the strange individual see me. At first I could not understand it, and when I saw the brushes and boards I began to think that this looked rather serious, and I began to fear the time had come for my portrait to be painted. I had first to stand with my beautiful tail curled round like an officer's plume, and then I was sketched with the hospital basket in my mouth. I was thoroughly tired of it long before he had finished, and I earnestly hoped he would never return. Imagine my horror when I saw him return the next morning!

I gave him, what my mistress called, a very shocking reception, so she scolded me.

It is a thing I am never accustomed to, so my feelings were very much hurt, and I promptly disappeared under the couch, and no amount of persuasion would bring me out. When anyone tried to reach me I growled like thunder, and even threatened to bite, a most unheard of thing, which had not occurred since my puppy days. That day the artist was obliged to leave without anything being done, and I saw my dear mistress was not at all pleased with me. I really felt very sorry, and resolved to behave better in the future. However, next morning I had no choice, for I found myself chained to a large chair in the morning room. I was evidently not to be trusted again.

Every day for a week I was chained to a chair immediately after breakfast, and every day the horrid artist came, bringing with him a wretched whip, and if I moved the least bit he knocked the chair and table with the whip, to show me what I might expect to get.

I heard my mistress telling him I was such a good dog, and generally so obedient, and the only fault I really had was hiding to avoid things I did not like. She said I used to dislike my bath, and always ran away, but since the bath attendant was changed, I liked it so much that the moment it was ready I

leaped into it myself. The artist said he did not in the least wonder that I objected to stand so long on my two hind legs, but he always found me quite ready to stand for any length of time on my four legs with the basket in my mouth. At length the pictures were finished, and one of them was sent to an exhibition with this description :

" Beauty : The most talented dog of the age."

About a month after this, one night, about two o'clock, I heard a crash.

I immediately roused myself up, as I always felt the responsibility of the household rested on me during the night. What could that noise mean ? Everyone had gone to bed. There it was again ! Whatever could it be ? There seemed to be someone moving in the room above. I was sure that it was something in my mistress's room, but what could it be ? There was another noise, so I got up, and went to investigate. When I reached my mistress's door, I found a huge pair of boots on the mat. I sniffed and sniffed and found at once that they belonged to no one in the house. Whose could they be ? I pushed my mistress's door open, and made a rush and a loud bark at a man who was standing beside the wardrobe. I bit his leg as hard as I could,

which gave him such a fright that he dropped everything in his hand on to the floor, and ran out of the room, giving me a terrific kick on my head in passing, which sent me crashing on to the fender so that I was completely stunned. My loud bark, however, roused the duke, who slept in the adjoining room.

He sprang out of bed and came to see what was the matter. He caught a glimpse of a figure flying down the stairs, and immediately rang to summon the servants. The man, hearing the bell, and not wishing to be caught, leapt out of a landing window and fell on to the spiked iron railings below, breaking his leg near the knee.

The duke then rang the alarm bell, and assistance came at once. All this, and what happened afterwards, I learnt later.

When the duke returned to my mistress's room he found her in a dead faint from the fright she had got, and restoratives had to be administered before she came round. At last she opened her eyes and said :

" I do hope that terrible man with the huge knife has not killed Beauty ! "

Then the duke looked round to see where I had gone, and found me in a heap inside the fender, quite unconscious, and my head bleeding.

" Telephone for the vet. quickly," said the duke, " the dog seems badly hurt."

He lifted me up in his arms, and tried to give me one of the restoratives he had been giving to the duchess, but the difficulty was to get my mouth opened. He managed at last, and when I regained consciousness, the first thing I heard was my mistress saying in such a sad voice :

" My poor Beauty ! Surely he won't die ? " The man had an open knife in his hand, and when I first moved he flashed it before me, and at that moment Beauty dashed into the room, and then I suppose I fainted with fright, for I do not recollect anything else. I hope he has not stabbed Beauty ? "

" I do not think so," said the Duke, " but we cannot tell till the vet. comes ; I wish he could come quickly."

The butler then came to say that the man had been conveyed to the prison infirmary, and when searched a rope of pearls, two pearl necklaces, a diamond pendant, a diamond necklace, a diamond tiara, diamond and pearl bracelets, watch bracelets, and many more exquisite pieces of jewellery had been found in his pockets. Such huge pockets he had, containing all his instruments, a bottle of laudanum, and a loaded pistol !

When the veterinary surgeon came, he bathed my head and dressed my wounds. The sharp portion of the fender had cut me rather deeply, and I was hardly conscious of what was going on.

My mistress sat beside me, and occasionally poured something soothing on my poor head, which still ached very much. After recovering a little, I was wrapped in a blanket and laid in my basket in front of the fire. My mistress, however, did not leave me, for she said I would try and follow her if she moved away, and that would bring on the bleeding again.

"My brave little dog," she was always murmuring, "but for you I should probably have been killed."

"And so might I," said the duke. "The man had a pistol ready to fire if I appeared so we may both indeed be grateful to Beauty for saving our lives. There is, I understand, nothing a burglar fears so much as a smart young dog. I always remember a story that was told me by a judge. He said he once asked a man—before he was to be executed—what he feared most when burgling houses, and his answer was: 'I don't mind telling you now, as I shan't get another chance! The thing that all we burglars fear most is a barking dog, and the next, a creaking door.'"

The day after my terrible experience I had numerous visitors.

All the household begged to see the "warrior dog" that had saved the life of their dear mistress, the duchess. She was such a favourite with everyone, rich and poor alike. I always felt I was a most fortunate dog to possess such a kind mistress, and so I was very proud to think I had been able to render her a little service.

In the evening two policemen came to interview the duke, and to find out how much had been stolen. They said that they had been hunting for the burglar for some time, but hitherto he had always escaped. His record was particularly bad—he had already broken into a great many houses, and on two occasions he had fired right and left when they were endeavouring to catch him, injuring severely two old ladies and a little boy.

The veterinary surgeon came every day and dressed my wounds. Wadding was strapped round my head and a small cap was fastened to keep it on. A shawl was also wrapped round my chest to keep the ointment-rag on where the skin had been torn off.

"Such a valuable dog must be taken great care of," said the vet. "I was reading an account the other day of all he can do.

"What I appreciate most is his loving little heart," said my mistress, "that appeals to me more than all his cleverness and beauty."

One day she brought me a large mirror, to show me what I looked like with my bandages on.

I really wondered, when looking at myself, if that dog could really be Beauty!

Certainly I was anything but a beauty now, with my matted hair, and bandages!

It will be impossible for me to appear in public again for some time, so I must say goodbye to all my kind friends.

THE END.

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Mr. Fred Whishaw's description in this novel of the gallant little nation, Finland, fighting to a man and woman against inevitable absorption by the irresistible giant at the threshold, is moving and holds the reader. Every Finn is a resister, active or passive. Some fight wisely, some foolishly, but all fight and all sacrifice self for the sake of the Motherland and her disappearing rights and privileges.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

A FORTUNE AT STAKE. By NAT GOULD. [For Complete List of Nat Gould's Novels see p. 12.]

Have you ever read a Nat Gould novel? Probably not. And yet his circulation exceeds eight million copies, fully justifying the *Athenæum's* recent statement that "All living writers are headed by Mr. Nat Gould." *Truth*, too, quite lately said: "Who is the most popular of living novelists? Mr. Nat Gould easily and indisputably takes the first place." Hitherto his stories have been produced in paper covers, but, commencing with "A Fortune at Stake," all his new novels will be published at the outset at 6*s*. Women readers may have a prejudice that Mr. Nat Gould writes merely sporting stories palatable only to men. They have but to peruse this book to immediately dispel the illusion. It is just one of those bright, cheerful, healthy open-air stories of love and romance and sport which appeal so greatly to men and women alike.

THE EURASIAN. By HENRY BRUCE, Author of "The Native Wife," etc

This is the most poignant study yet made of the unhappy sub-race which has resulted from our two centuries' possession of India. The Prologue shows the rescue, by missionaries, of two Eurasian waifs, claiming to be the children of a highly-placed Civilian. The girl, acknowledged by him, is brought to England. It is her unacknowledged brother, calling himself Robert Lowell, who is the Eurasian of this novel. He becomes an Anarchist; he marries a kindly Devonshire nursemaid, but drags her down instead of being helped up by her; he takes to the strange ganja or hemp habit, so little known in Europe, which excites to murderous madness; finally he meets Sir Robert Lowell, whom he claims as father, and who has just been appointed Governor of Bombay.

MAZE OF SCILLY. By E. J. TIDDY.

The scene is the English Archipelago, the Scilly Isles, that network of rocks bordering on the highway of ocean traffic. The islands are here depicted with intimate knowledge as sometimes interfering with that deep sea traffic, or again receiving those who have ventured on the Atlantic and to their cost. Peril, plunder, and the lure of the rocks are mingled; above all is the dominance of the sea, the sea that is the beginning and end of all strange happenings in these unique islands, that provides occasion for daring or for greed, and with opportunity as sudden as the changing weather.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

LOVE ON SMOKY RIVER. By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, Author of "The Toll of the Tide," etc.

This is a novel with the wild Far West for its setting. It tells how a man fought and conquered Nature and—what was of greater consequence—fought and conquered himself. "Love on Smoky River" is a book to fire the imagination and stir the blood. Tragedy stalks through its pages, but Love, in the person of sweet Dorothy Gordon, triumphs in the end. It is a book to make women weep tears of joy and strong men hold themselves tense, so that they sigh with relief when the end is reached, only to take up the book again that they may enjoy anew its stimulus and power.

ETELKA. By STANLEY FORD.

This is the story of a fascinating woman and her many admirers. The scenes are laid in London, Paris, and Rome. Through the web of intrigue and passion runs the gold thread of a pure love story; while, apart from the interest and ingenuity of the plot, the character studies will appeal to all readers and students of human nature. The development of the tale culminates in a striking and unexpected climax. Etelka is a heroine not easily forgotten, and her adventures are more original than is generally the case.

A SOCIAL INNOCENT. By RICHARD ST. JOHN COLTHURST.

The author recounts the experiences of a young Irishman who is plunged into the vortex of a London season. The charm which wins him friends of such diversity cannot fail to appeal to the reader. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the author is a son of Sir George St. John Colthurst, Bart.

FAITH AND UNFAITH. By JAMES BLYTH, Author of "Rubina," "Amazement," etc.

This novel is the study of a woman's love. The theme is developed with the certainty of touch and the clearness of vision which are the gifts of experience in life and art. It is as engrossing as the author's previous works and a notable addition to his gallery of brilliant pen portraits of beautiful, frail women.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

GREEN GIRL. By Mrs. Henry Tippett, Author of "The Waster," etc.

Green Girl—joyous, clean-souled and healthy, with but nineteen summers behind her—essays to trip, happy and smiling, through life. Only when convention lays an admonishing restraining finger on her does joy go out of her life. She regains true happiness in the Paris *ateliers*, the life of which Mrs. Tippett has drawn with all the fervour of an habitué and lover. Her portrayal of the unrestrained art students is at once piquant and convincing.

CALLISTA IN REVOLT. By Olivia Ramsey, Author of "A Girl of No Importance," etc.

This dainty love-story is told with great charm and skill. A beautiful girl is forced, through adverse circumstances, to lead a monotonous existence in an isolated village. It is here that she is discovered by the wealthy Bruce Armadale, whose force of character is powerfully drawn. A dazzling dancer of London fame is introduced as a dangerous rival for his affection and her plot to separate the lovers is convincingly told.

THE RANSOM FOR LONDON. By J. S. Fletcher, Author of "The Bartenstein Case," etc.

This is one of the most enthralling conceptions that has yet appeared in realistic fiction. From the advent of the stranger at the week-end retreat of the Prime Minister, with his demand for ten millions sterling as the ransom for London, right through to the end, the narrative compels attention. Mr. Fletcher has in this story surpassed himself.

THE WISDOM OF THE FOOL. By "Coronet," Author of "Mighty Mayfair," "The Modern Market Place."

This is a story with a happy ending, dealing with the lives of two men. One (thought to be a fool) wins the woman he wants, through his belief in the ultimate triumph of good over evil. The other loses the woman he loves by his all-pervading suspicion of everything and everybody. Society scenes and satire appear throughout, with plenty of comedy. Highly dramatic situations occur, and interest increases to the end.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

SALAD DAYS: A Comedy of Youth. By the Author of "Improper Prue," "The Price of Possession," etc.

This amusing novel can well be called a comedy of youth, for it depicts the invasion of a well-ordered English bachelor by a good-intentioned humourless Irish girl and twin young men of free and easy disposition. The bachelors are Mr. Weatherby, most chivalrous of victims, and his nephew, Richard Torr, an Oxford exquisite, who tries hard to save his own and his uncle's dignity under the most trying conditions. It is a book that men and women will laugh at and enjoy.

THE ELUSIVE WIFE. By R. PENLEY, Author of "The Turn of the Tide," etc.

Mr. Penley's power of delineating female character is already well known. Armine Ford, with her freshness, her vivacity, and her independence, will certainly be found to be no less attractive than the heroines of his previous novels, though of a different type. Lord Bridgnorth also is an ideal hero. Their love-story is of unusual interest, and the plot is original and ably conceived.

FROM PILLAR TO POST. By ALICE M. DIEHL, Author of "Incomparable Joan," etc.

For the many readers of Mrs. Diehl's novels the present story will be rather a new departure in female portraiture. The heroine's aristocratic descent, conflicting with her father's democratic ideas, is the pivot on which much of the tale turns. Her experiences as a wife, and yet all the time no wife, go to make up a very fascinating romance which shows that the author has lost none of her power.

LOT'S WIFE. By A. M. JUDD, Author of "A Soul's Burden," etc.

This is the account of a young wife married to a man much her senior, whilst still cherishing romantic ideas about the lover who had left her without a word. Her gradual awakening to the worth of the man she has married is artistically unfolded.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

THIN ICE. By ANNE WEAVER, Author of "A Masquerade and a Monastery," etc.

This novel has for its central theme that of modern marriage. The dialogue is witty and the love scenes in particular sketched with great lightness and surety of touch, while the final *dénouement* is intensely thrilling and dramatically worked out. Among other characters the author has given us two delightful child-studies.

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "Love's Sentinel," etc.

Miss Warden's gypsy heroine forms a very interesting study. It would be unfair to explain the plot of the story, but behind it is tragedy. The hero, Lord Tregaron, is a well-drawn personage, and so, indeed, are the other characters clustered around the charming heroine.

AN OFFICER AND A ——. By E. D. HENDERSON.

This is the history of an Englishman who, soured by misfortune, quits England for South Africa. Ill-luck pursues him and, under great stress, he embraces a criminal career. When arrest seems imminent the danger is averted through the timely intervention of an intermediary. The author weaves a pretty romance around her hero.

SOWING CLOVER. By GEORGE WOUIL.

A sympathetic study of the Black Country—land of smoke, sunsets and lurid night skies; of John Wittongate, with his mouth full of brass rivets, contemplating the world across a heap of old boots; of the education of Claude, who cannot imagine how 'the old man' started with nothing and managed to get on; of politics and civic ambition, and of love and sport.

A HANDFUL OF DAYS. By HAL D'ARCY.

The author has, with an artist's truth, dealt with the baffling complexity of the Celtic temperament. John O'Grady is a reality, Mary a woman you might meet any day—and fall in love with. We may claim for this book that it has the true note of human life in it.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—*continued*

CROSSROADS. By D. H. DENNIS, Author of "The Spell of the Lotus," etc.

This is a very human and distinctly powerful story. Will o' the Wisp, the elusive, alluring fire of temporal success, dazzles Patricia Erard, and, tempting her to ignore love's simple path, beckons her astray with vain promise of reward. By what terrible means Pat is brought to realise the mockery of the success she has yielded her all to obtain, and how cruel circumstances intervene to prevent her retracing the fatal steps across Will o' the Wisp's treacherous waste, the author skilfully describes.

LIGHT FINGERS AND DARK EYES. By VINCENT COLLIER.

This novel gives a very interesting account of the early love adventures of two business men. The scene is laid partly in Italy and partly in England, about both of which countries the author is well qualified to write.

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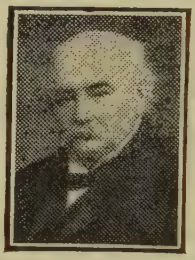

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